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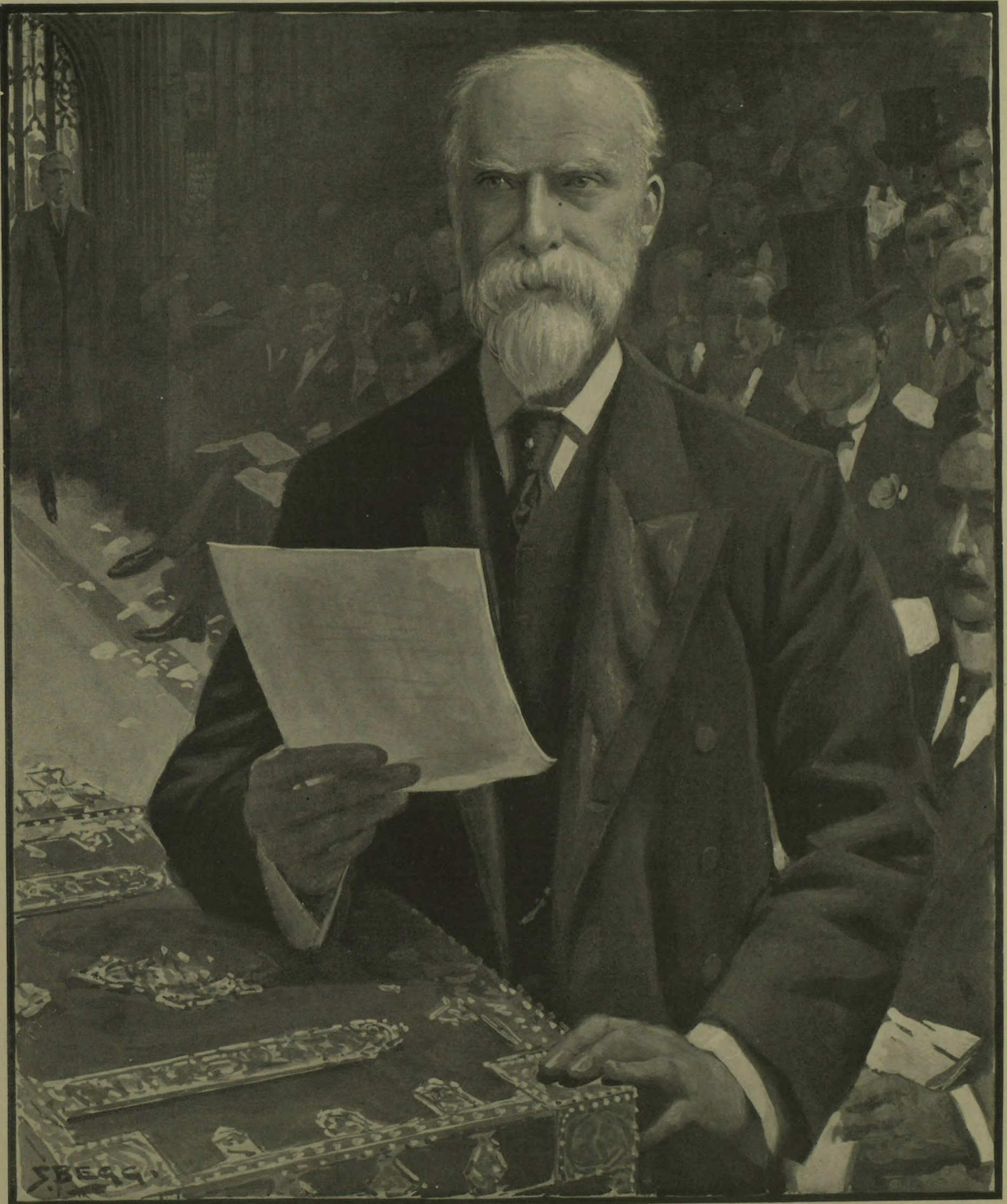
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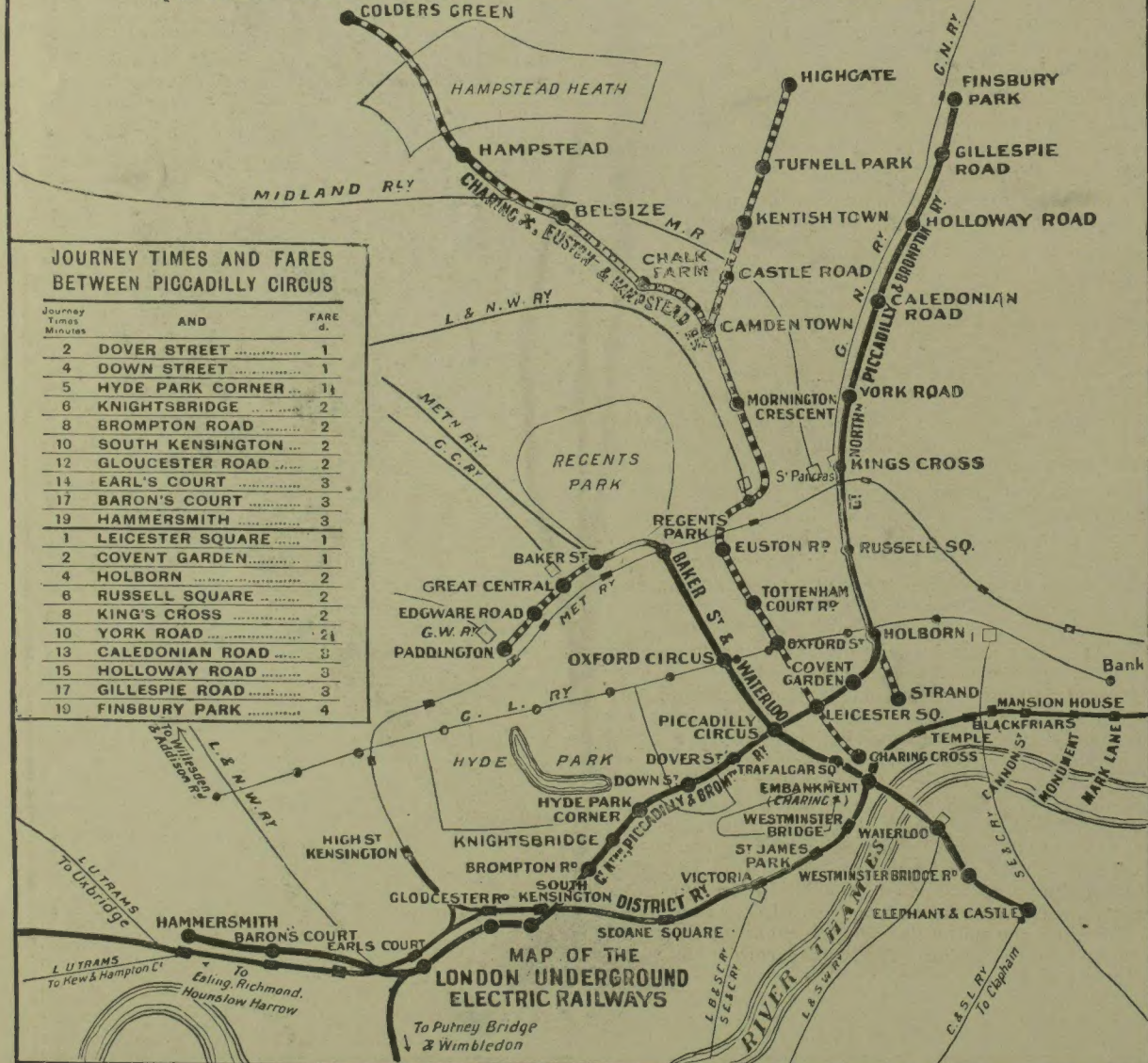
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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT may be a subjective weakness, but I always feel a little irritated at the modern world in respect of its way of asking questions. I say its way of asking the questions. I do not complain of its way of answering the questions. When a question is worth asking it is always difficult; and when a question is difficult there is always room for reasonable error and human diversity. The person who originally asked "What is man!" may have asked a question he could not answer. But the other (more modern and daring) philosopher who asked "Why is a mouse when it spins?" asked not a question which he could not answer, but a question which could not be answered. There is a great deal of difference between the mystery of what is unknowable and the mystery of what is unthinkable. The problem may be unanswerable if a man asks "Which came first, the egg or the chicken?" But the problem is something more than unanswerable if a man says "Which came first, the isosceles triangle or the alligator?" The question is more than unanswerable; it is unaskable. And it is the tragedy of my life (which I cannot profess to be a very tragic one) that it so often happens that the modern world seems to me to be asking questions of this kind. While brighter intellects profess that they cannot grasp the solution, I, in my dim mental state, am forced to admit that I cannot even grasp the problem. I am asked to choose, not even between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, but between Hokey-pokey and Abracadabra. I do not understand the nature of the alternative itself. I have no doubt, as I said before, that it is due to my own mental defects.

This difficulty in understanding the question is called up in my mind by the accident of my eye alighting on the following heading in the religious part of a newspaper, "Is one religion as good as another?" One asks, with a kind of blank simplicity, Well, how could it be? A religion is a thing which professes to tell the truth about the nature of the universe; how could any version of it be as true as any other, unless, of course, they are all of them in all respects false. It is like asking people, "Is one horse at the Derby as safe as another?" All the horses may be good, of course; but if a man talks of their all being as good as each other, he has forgotten what the horses are there for, he has forgotten what the horses are supposed to be doing. In the same way, the man who asked that journalistic question had forgotten what religions were there for. Of course, in this case, as in all similar modern cases, it is simply a matter of putting the question wrong. What the man probably meant was something like this: "Is there in every religion some common element which is of great human value?" This is a sensible question which one can ask, just as one can ask, "Is there not in every racehorse something of the element which we admire in the winner?" Or he means, "Would not a man be better with any religion than with none?" One can ask this, just as one can ask "Did not even the last horse at the Derby run faster than a City gentleman trying to catch an omnibus?" But the question as put is utterly unmeaning, because it ignores the fact that every religion, as a religion, claims to be the true religion. It ignores the fact, in short, that every racehorse, as a racehorse, claims to be able to win the race. Asked in this way, questions are futile, and modern questions are always asked thus.

Such insane queries are all over the place. Suppose I turn to foreign policy. I find that I am not asked whether I sympathise with this or that force in Europe, whether I think the spirit or morals of this nation or of that religion will be beneficial to my own country. I am suddenly asked the insane question whether I am in favour of a policy of peace or a policy of war. There are some wealthy and respectable persons in the modern world with whom I would have—I will not say war to the knife, but war to the smallest blade of my smallest pocket-knife, war to the bodkin, war to the needle. There are others (and I am glad to say they are the majority of mankind) with whom I would have, not peace, but passionate co-operation and comradeship. I wish to further certain causes, and I am glad when they are furthered either by the destruction of the Bastille or the creation of the *Entente Cordiale*. But when I find people arguing about foreign policy, I always find them arguing about whether we should seek peace or seek military expansion. It sounds to me as if two men were trying to walk from Euston to Victoria; and one was in favour of always turning to the left, and the other of always turning to the right.

Suppose, then, I turn to municipal politics. I naturally suppose that if people differ about the government of a city, they will differ about what kind of city they want to have. In the parish of Clapham (I say to myself) there will naturally be one party which conceives of Clapham as rising in golden spires and tall silver turrets and sparkling minarets; while there will be another school which dreams of a quieter, yet more capacious Clapham, with masses of mellow Elizabethan

farmhouses and warm Elizabethan walls. Instead of that, when I go among the municipal politicians of Clapham, I find them discussing whether one should spend money or save money. The question seems to me more fit for Colney Hatch than Clapham. Why on earth should there be one municipal party in favour of spending municipal money, and the other opposed to spending municipal money? What are they spending it on? What are they saving it off? On that would depend my vote if I were a patriotic citizen of Clapham. For instance, if they were spending money on a paid lecturer to deliver weekly lectures on Evolution and Social Science, I should be for saving the money. If, on the other hand, they were spending money on a colossal equestrian statue of the Spirit of Clapham, I should certainly be for spending the money. If it were for providing Board School children with pianos, I should as a sane man be necessarily in favour of it. If it were for teaching them the alphabet I should be in favour of it, but more feebly. If it were for teaching them English history from the Evolutionary standpoint, I should be upon the whole against it. Upon the whole I should be in favour of an educational and municipal policy which would probably cost a good deal. But I cannot understand people solemnly dividing themselves into parties, not upon the policy, but actually upon the cost.

The cost of my policy might vary constantly. Pianos might sink to a penny; equestrian statues might come down to fourpence; but my policy would always be named after what I wanted, not after whether I was in the habit of wanting expensive things. I am unable to answer with precision the Moderate canvasser or candidate who says to me, "Here is what you pay in the pound; are you ready to pay all this?" I can only reply, with hazy politeness, "I do not know. I would pay it for some things. If it is any comfort to you, I would not pay it for you."

It is the same in everything, of course. If we turn to the problem of strong drink we find people asking us if we are in favour of a Temperance Policy. As if even a reeling drunkard would not say that he was in favour of a Temperance Policy, even if he only called it a Temperance Policy. Temperance either means Temperance, with which everyone agrees, or it means total abstinence, with which nearly everyone disagrees. If we look at the Fiscal question we are asked if we are in favour of Protection; but I want to know what it is that we are supposed to protect. If it were Dr. Johnson's England I would consider any sane scheme for protecting it; if it is Mr. Chamberlain's Empire I would not protect it by so much as walking across the street. If we concern ourselves with the Education question we are asked solemnly whether doctrine shall be taught. Of course doctrine will be taught. Doctrine means something that is taught. What the people who say this really mean is something like this: "Shall we teach the doctrines common to the whole society directly and in words or by a general assumption and implication?" Or to put the matter in a practicable instance, "Shall we teach the children in so many words that human society has been in a state of progress throughout history; which is a disputable dogma? Or shall we only tell them incidentally how much worse off Roman Britain was than modern England; which is a very disputable illustration of that disputable dogma?" In short, I would suggest that the main object of any honest man in this present epoch ought to be that of going about asking the proper philosophical question. In order to cheer you along the path, I may remark that one of the few men I ever heard of who went about asking the proper philosophical question was immediately poisoned by the very enlightened community of Athens.

The most amusing thing I have seen in the papers for the last two or three days was the strange incident of the Modest Waiter. This extraordinary man was too bashful to wait at table. Apparently, however, he was not too bashful to prosecute his mistress in a Court of Justice for having discharged him. He could not endure the glare of ordinary gas-light or the dreadful eyes of a few private people in evening dress. But in the secret and untrodden nooks of the Brompton Police-court he could whisper his secrets to the twilight. His shyness must therefore have been of a subtle and somewhat unusual kind; yet I seriously sympathise with the man, and wish I knew more about him. In the case of most waiters, the very last quality that one notices is a fine and chivalrous shame. At the worst, one gets a glaring arrogance. At the very best, one gets a sort of brazen urbanity. I remember that Mr. E. Clerihew, an able writer on the *Daily News*, once pointed out, with great humour and truth, that waiters were a standing example of how false was the theory that economics explain everything. For, economically speaking, the waiter is dependent on tips from individuals, and ought therefore to be servile. Whereas, said Mr. Clerihew, the waiter, as a matter of fact, cannot contain his contempt for the human race. All this is true, and renders yet more interesting the case of the man who was too shy to wait at table. I am not sure that we require shyness in the man who is to serve the dinner. I think we require it in the men who are to eat the dinner. Approach a veal-cutlet shyly, and blush at the blushing wine. For this is the only genuine method of enjoyment and the only real Temperance Policy in the world.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. BOURCHIER'S MACBETH AT THE GARRICK.

ADMIRABLE as must be esteemed Mr. Arthur Bouchier's courage in attempting so strenuous a rôle as Macbeth, and interesting as it was at last week's matinée to watch this forceful actor's very modern methods being applied to one of the greatest creations of classical drama, it cannot be said that the performance carried conviction or sounded even once the true note of tragedy. Not to dwell on Mr. Bouchier's elocutionary limitations, the essential qualities of imagination and poetry were lacking in his treatment of the part, and his conception of Macbeth almost amounted to a misconception. If there is one distinguishing feature surely of Macbeth, apart from his ambition and his deference to his wife's stronger will, it is his highly sensitive imagination. This it is which makes him, for all his prowess, tremble before fancied horrors and supernatural phenomena. This also prompts him to use every event of his life as matter for poetic rhapsody, and is responsible for those wonderful processions of similes with which his speeches abound. But while Shakspeare's Macbeth is a poet and the slave of his fancy, the last weakness he could fairly be accused of is physical cowardice. Mr. Bouchier's Macbeth is a physical no less than a moral coward, and at the same time is bluff, matter-of-fact, often colloquial in speech, and sadly lacking in fire and fervour. From this burly yet craven and uxorious Thane—the uxoriousness is much insisted on at the Garrick—neither the dreamy nor the more vehement eloquence of Macbeth comes naturally, and Mr. Bouchier's finest moment is in the hero's grim duel with Macduff. That sword-and-dagger fight is an inspiration of the Garrick actor-manager's, and it is curious that all the more thrilling effects of Mr. Bouchier's revival are achieved by details of stage-business. Even Miss Violet Vanbrugh's stately Lady Macbeth makes her most pathetic appeal by the swooning-fit to which she succumbs when Macbeth's frenzy of conscience-stricken terror has exhausted itself after the banquet-scene; for much of the actress's declamation is spoilt by painful monotony, while in her would-be realistic sleep-walking scene she speaks at so slow a pace and in so subdued a key as to be almost inaudible. Quite the most affecting acting of the afternoon was that of Mr. Matheson Lang in Macduff's famous outburst over his "pretty ones" death; here was art using the authentic tones of nature. A sound piece of work, too, was Mr. Sydney Valentine's rendering of Banquo; the rest of Mr. Bouchier's supporters produced no particular impression, and were none too comfortable with their blank verse.

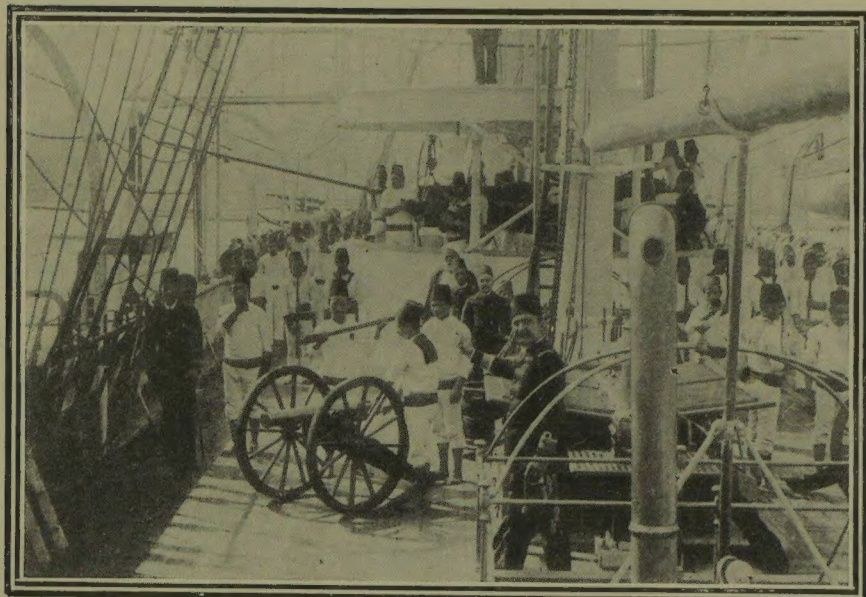
"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD." AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Why convert "The Vicar of Wakefield," one is inclined to ask at first, into comic opera at all? One might as soon make "Tom Jones" the basis of a musical comedy. But there is so much old English atmosphere in the musical score which Madame Liza Lehmann has prepared for the operatic version of Goldsmith's little classic, and there is such a pretty artlessness about the conduct of the plot—which is confined in the new Prince of Wales's piece, as in the Lyceum play, to Olivia's story—that criticism is disarmed, and becomes as gentle and benevolent as Dr. Primrose himself. Of a truth, this naïveté is carried to rather excessive lengths by the librettist—whoever he may be, for Mr. Laurence Housman disowns responsibility now for anything save such lyrics as are not supplied by "Oliver Goldsmith, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, etc."—when he prepares the way with some unconsciously humorous preface for the interpolation of a musical number. This lack of congruity, however, between sung and spoken words is inherent in the very form of such opera as does not make its dialogue recitative; and after all, though the score seems an excrescence on this "Vicar of Wakefield" story, it is by its music that the Prince of Wales's piece will win popularity. By its music, which has melodious charm, bland humour, and eighteenth-century colour, and, of course, too, by that music's interpreters. Mr. David Bispham, for instance, may look rather too jolly and self-complacent a Vicar, but vocally he is delightful, especially in the duet "Go, Fortune." Altogether dainty and sweet, too, is Miss Isabel Jay's Olivia, heard to most advantage in a duet with the pleasing squire of Mr. Walter Hyde, a tenor of real promise. Mr. Richard Temple, too, as Burchell, renders valuable assistance; and the whole *ensemble* is so graciously idyllic that the new Prince of Wales's management may count on its venture proving a success.

"ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS." AT THE ROYALTY.

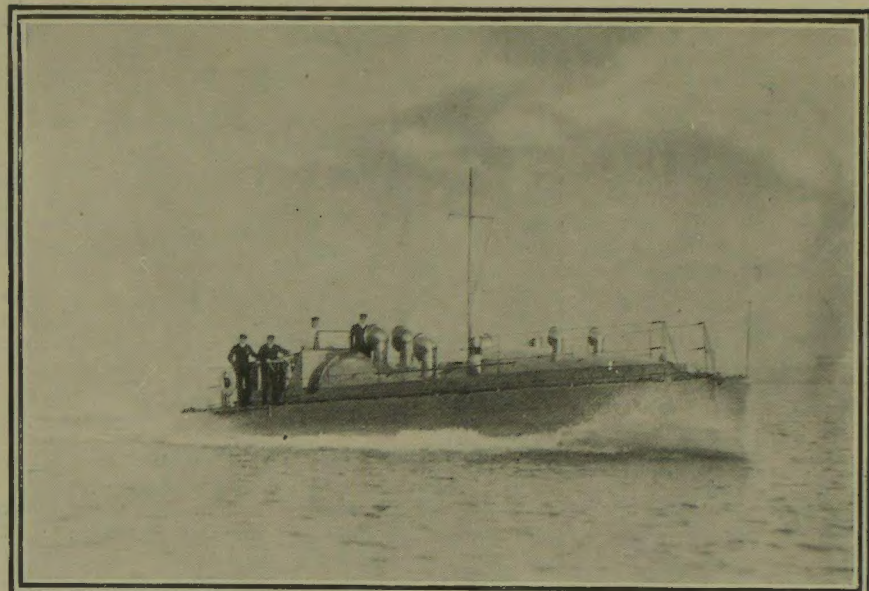
A sentimental problem-drama of a more or less conventional kind, in which two women, the one angelic and the other very passionate and very human, struggle for the love and soul of a man—so one might describe Mr. W. L. Courtney's new four-act play entitled "On the Side of the Angels" and produced by the "Pioneer" Society last Sunday at the Royalty, and describe it quite rightly, did it not contain one brilliantly conceived and thoroughly life-like type which exalts the piece far above the level of its class. The type in question is not the man for whom the women-rivals battle; he, a worn-out roué, who indulges in the cocaine habit and towards late middle life discovers symptoms of remorse, has rather too much in common with the ordinary stage libertine. Even less real than Major Hawstone, victim of ancestral licentiousness, who is, after all, a creature of some flesh and blood, must be esteemed the anæmic heroine, Grace Mayhew, who is quite superhumanly virtuous and self-sacrificing, though she does apparently fall a victim to the Major's inveterate instincts. No, the really vital character of the play is Lady Rolleston, a woman on the surface cynical, but at heart prepared to surrender everything for love. How much of her challenging charm this character owed to Mr. Courtney, how much to her interpreter, Miss Granville, it might be hard to decide.

CAMERA PEEPS INTO RECENT HAPPENINGS.



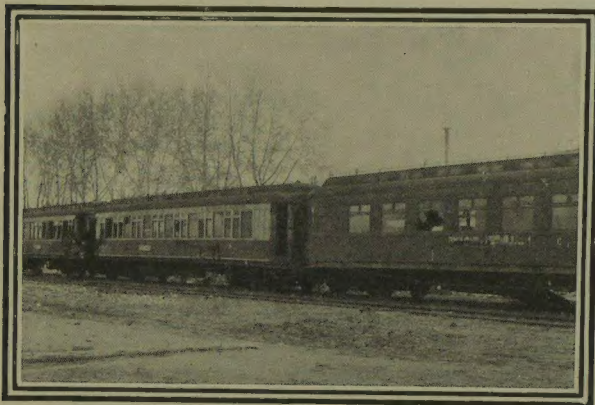
HOW THE SULTAN ADVERTISES HIS NAVY: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH EXHIBITED THROUGHOUT THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

The time was when the Turkish Navy was allowed to rot in harbour, and when the unpaid commanders sold the guns and put wooden dummies in their place; but Abdul Hamid, who has six cruisers comparatively new, has changed all that, and is so proud of his navy that he has had a vessel photographed, and has caused the picture to be posted in every Government office.

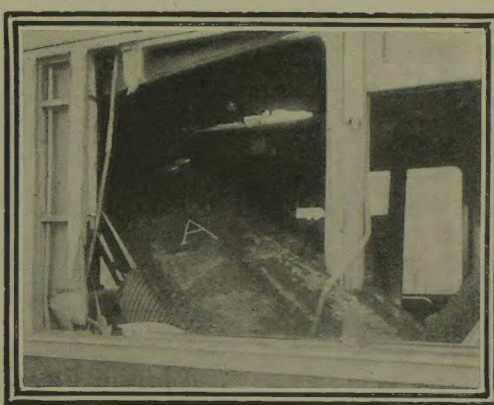


PETROL IN THE BRITISH NAVY: THE NEW BOAT "MERCURY," ATTACHED TO THE SUBMARINE FLOTILLA.

The "Mercury" is sixty feet long and nine feet broad. She weighs eight tons, and draws eighteen inches of water. Her speed is twenty-four knots. She is attached to the submarine flotilla, and can be hoisted on board the parent-ship. The "Mercury" is a very smart, trim craft. In the photograph she is shown running at a good speed, although not at her utmost.



THE TRACK OF RUIN: THE TRAIN-DE-LUXE AFTER THE SMASH.



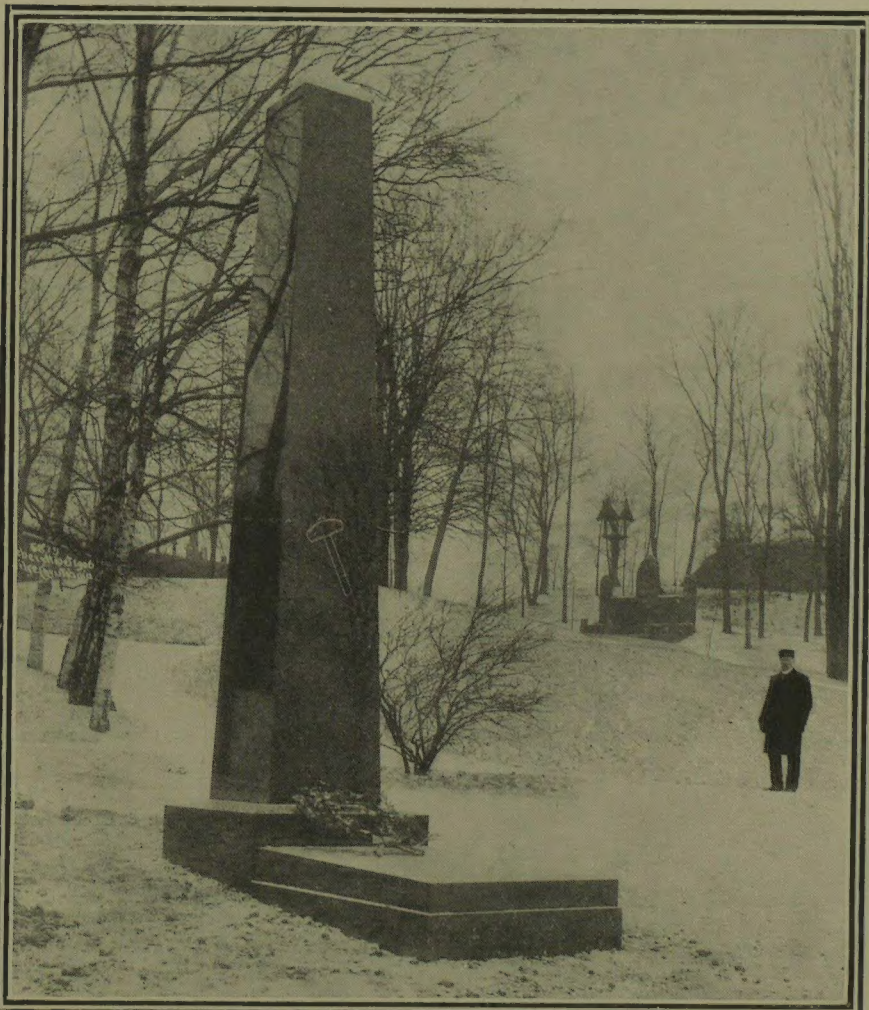
THE PLATE OF SHEET IRON ("A") INSIDE THE SMASHED SLEEPING-BERTH.



THE CAR IN WHICH ONE PASSENGER WAS KILLED AND SIX WOUNDED.

DEATH BY AN IRON PLATE WHICH SLIPPED FROM A GOODS TRAIN: THE FATAL MISHAP TO THE CALAIS-MARSEILLES EXPRESS.

On December 7, when the train-de-luxe from Calais to Marseilles was running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, near Montélimar it met a goods train laden with iron plates and girders. One of these became displaced and struck the express. It tore the side of a sleeping-car, entered the following carriage, wrecked the sleeping-compartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hanna, who were on their way from Ireland to Bombay. They had been married just a fortnight. Both were terribly injured, and Mr. Hanna has died of his wounds.



HENRIK IBSEN'S GRAVE AT CHRISTIANIA.

On December 12 an obelisk of black Labrador rock was erected on Henrik Ibsen's grave. The monument cost 400,000 kroner. On the obelisk is a laurel wreath in copper presented by the Italian Authors' Club. Note the Hammer of Thor.



GOOD-BYE TO GRANDPAPA'S COUNTRY: PRINCE OLAF'S DEPARTURE.

King Haakon, Queen Maud, and Prince Olaf left England on December 14. Their Majesties and the Crown Prince crossed from Dover to Calais in the turbine steam-ship "Onward." They proceeded by way of Brussels to Berlin to visit the Kaiser.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Church v. State
in France.

In consequence of the Pope's action in prohibiting the establishment of religious associations in France, the Government has made the clergy subject to the civil law of 1881, which declares that no public meeting can be held until the civil authority has received due notice. A church service being a public meeting within the meaning of the Act, the Government has decided that all ministers of religion must give notice of their intention to hold services. The Pope, very badly advised by the Spanish Ultramontanes who have his ear, has forbidden the clergy to make the formal declaration demanded by the Government, and M. Clemenceau has shown unmistakably



Photo. Russell.
CAPTAIN A. A. C. GALLOWAY,
New Commodore, Portsmouth Naval Barracks.

Captain Galloway, A.D.C., who succeeds Commodore Stopford at the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth, entered the Navy in 1867, and saw service during the Egyptian War of 1882. He is noted even among sailors for his courage and resource, and has rescued several drowning sailors in circumstances of exceptional difficulty. He has been in command of the Gunnery School at Sheerness since January last.

The process of expelling recalcitrant Bishops from



Photo. Chusseau-Flaviens.
THE ARRESTED BISHOP OF NANCY
MONSIGNOR TURINAZ.

was the last politician that Spain produced, and for all that he was an upholder of the dynasty and a supporter of the Church, an enemy of the Republican Party, and a bargainer with Carlists. He was esteemed by all classes because he lived and died a poor man.

Sir John Leng, who sat for sixteen years in Parliament as one of the representatives of Dundee, died in California last week. He was seventy-eight years of age, and was associated with Dundee in 1851, when he went to the city to edit the *Dundee Advertiser*. He was educated at the Hull Grammar School, and was a great traveller, never so happy as when he was visiting a country for the first time. He received the honour of Knighthood in 1893. His brother, the late Sir William Leng, was another successful journalist

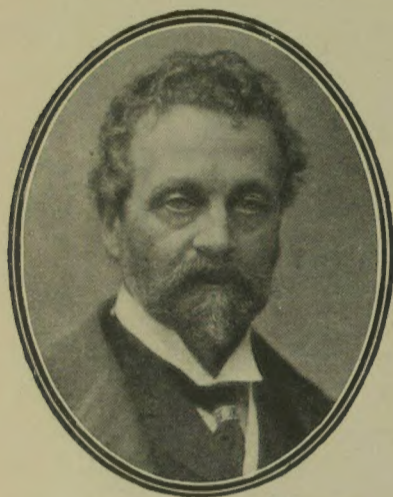


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. HAMILTON AIDÉ,
Novelist and Dramatist.

the State, and they have been either ejected or warned that they will be required to pay rent.

that the civil power is to be supreme in France. Mgr. Montagnini, the Papal Auditor, was placed under arrest last week, and conveyed to the frontier as an undesirable alien. The Bishops, having refused to establish the committees enjoined by the civil law, have been held to forfeit the property of the Church; their palaces, schools, and presbyteries have been declared to revert to

their residences in France has been accomplished quietly enough in most parts, but Mgr. Turinaz, the Bishop of Nancy, has been so unfortunate as to provide an exception to the general rule. He is said to have shaken and struck a police officer, and will be summoned for assault on an agent of the law in the exercise of his duties.

Sir Francis Hopwood, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, who is to succeed Sir Montagu Ommanney as Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, was born in 1860 and admitted as a solicitor twenty-two years later. In 1885 he became Assistant Law Clerk to the Board of Trade, he was appointed Assistant Solicitor in 1888 and Private Secretary to the President of the Board in 1892. A year later he succeeded Sir Courtenay Boyle as Secretary to the Railway Department, and held that office until 1901,

and newspaper-proprietor, and is remembered pleasantly in Sheffield.

The Portsmouth Riots.

The Admiralty has issued a minute on the recent disturbances in the Portsmouth Naval Barracks. While the somewhat savage sentence upon Stoker Moody

has been reduced from five years to three, and Stoker Day has

had six months of his sentence remitted, the Lords of the Admiralty have dealt very severely with the commanding officers, who are held to have failed in their duty. Commodore Stopford, the distinguished senior officer of the barracks, has been relieved of his appointment; Commander Drury-Lowe is held to have failed in his work as executive officer, and is superseded; Commander Mitchell, who presides over the gunnery department, is held to have allowed a drill order to be used for other than drill purposes, and loses his post. Lieutenant Collard has been duly reprimanded by the Court-martial, and the Admiralty has given instructions that the order, "On the knee," shall not be used again except for drill purposes. To the great majority of civilians

the decision, communicated to the House on Monday, will seem harsh, but this country relies upon its Navy to an extent that has no parallel throughout the world, and if a man is held to fail at a critical moment he must suffer.

Dissolution of the Reichstag.

On Thursday, Dec. 13, Prince Bülow dissolved the

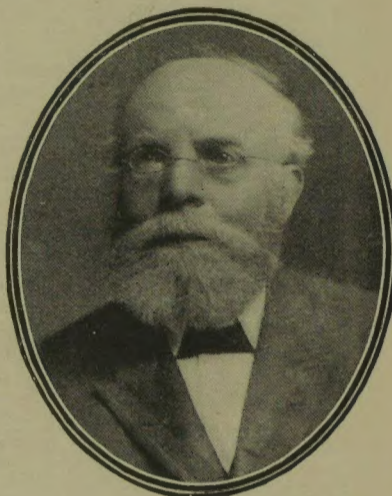


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIR JOHN LENG,
Newspaper-Proprietor.

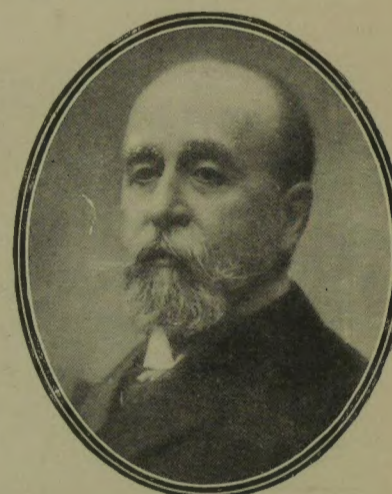


Photo. Topical.
SEÑOR MORET,
President of the Spanish Four Days' Cabinet.

Reichstag, because a group made up of the Socialists, the Poles, the Hanoverian Guelphs, and the Clerical Centre had rejected the South-West African supplementary estimates. It was the will of this curiously composed majority that the German forces in South-West Africa should be reduced to 2500 men in the course of the next year, and this number, in the opinion of the military authorities, is insufficient to handle the present situation effectively. One can best understand the attitude of dissentients when one considers that the Imperial Estimates for 1907 are close upon £130,000,000, and that the Germans are heavily taxed already. Prince Bülow is said to have remarked that if the next Reichstag proves obdurate, it will suffer the same fate as its predecessor; but nobody who has followed the career of the Imperial Chancellor would credit—or perhaps we ought rather to say debit—him with such a foolish remark. The forces of Social Democracy are growing, the Poles are greatly incensed by the cruel

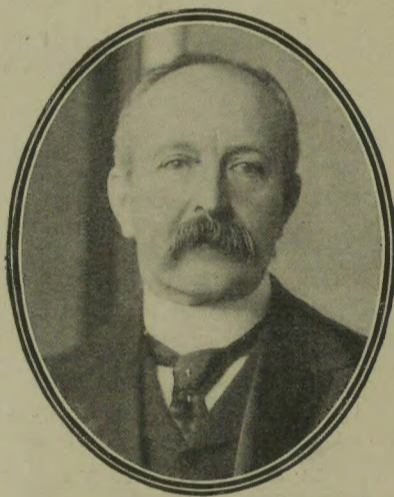


Photo. Russell.
SIR MONTAGU OMMANNEY,
Retiring Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

when he entered upon the duties at the Board of Trade. Sir Francis has taken a part in the work of many commissions and conferences at home and abroad, and received his C.M.G. in 1893, the C.B. in 1895, the K.C.B. in 1901, and the K.C.M.G. this year.

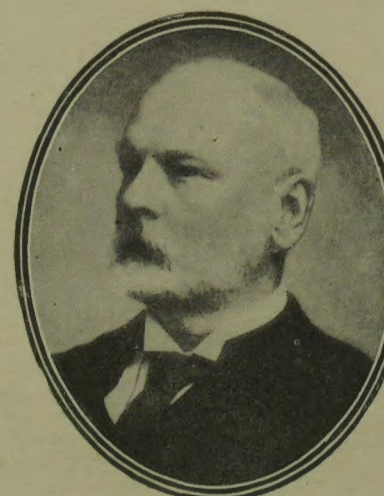
Sir Montagu Ommanney, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., I.S.O., who is about to retire on a pension from the office of Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, was born in 1842, and educated at Cheltenham and Woolwich. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1864, and held the office of Crown Agent for the Colonies for twenty-three years from 1877. In 1900 he was appointed to the position he is about to vacate.

Mr. Thomas Dolling Bolton, Liberal Member for North-East Derbyshire, died in London on Sunday last in his sixty-sixth year, a victim to complications following influenza. The late member was a native of Warwickshire, and a solicitor by profession. He was admitted forty years ago, and had offices in London, but his interests were not limited to the making or

maintenance of the laws. He was a member of the Windsor Town Council for some years, Chairman of the Isle of Wight Central Railway Company, and a director of other companies. He was on the Commission of the Peace for the county of Herefordshire.

Señor Moret may claim the honour of presiding over a Ministry that lasted just four days, from Nov. 30 to Dec. 3. He is a politician of considerable experiences, and has held

some of the highest offices of State, but nobody takes him very seriously in Madrid. There Liberals and Conservatives are Alfonsists first, pension-seekers afterwards, and politicians last of all. Señor Sagasta



THE LATE MR. T. D. BOLTON,
M.P. for North-East Derbyshire.

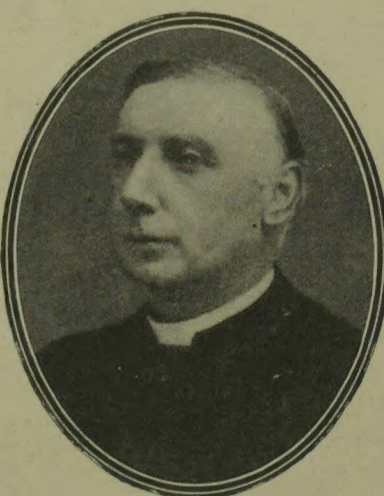


Photo. "Scottish Chronicle."
THE VERY REV. KENNETH MACKENZIE,
New Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.

Charles Hamilton Aidé, who passed away last week at a ripe age, was a man of rare gifts and many accomplishments. He wrote books, plays, and songs, he painted charming water-colours, he spoke several languages, he knew everybody and everybody knew him. A cosmopolitan whose charm of manner was as great as his attainments were varied, he was a social success for two generations, and though he was over seventy years of age, he looked much younger. Perhaps he had charmed Time as he charmed his contemporaries. His novels, "Carr of Carlyon" and "Confidences," and his farcical comedy, "Dr. Bill," did much to bring his name before the public.

The Right Hon. John E. Ellis, M.P., who was appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India in December last, has been compelled to resign his office on account of ill-health. Mr. Ellis has represented the Rushcliffe Division of Nottinghamshire in Parliament since

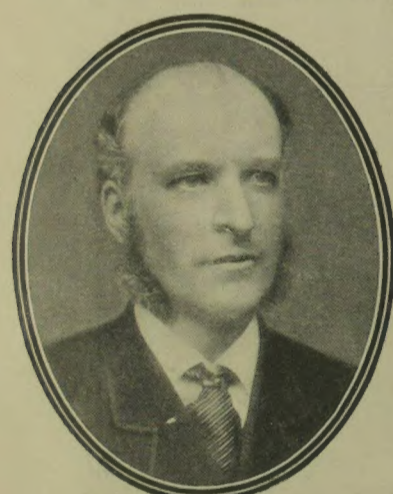


Photo. Russell.
MR. JOHN ELLIS, M.P.,
Resigned Under-Secretaryship for India.

1885. He was trained in early days to be an engineer, and had put twenty years of practical experience in the collieries of Nottinghamshire to his credit before he entered Parliament.

The Very Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, who has just been elected by the Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church to the See of Argyll and the Isles, in succession to the late Bishop Chinnery-Haldane (the clerical and lay electors of the diocese having failed to agree) is a son of the late Lord Mackenzie, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, a brother-in-law of Lord Low, and uncle of Lord Kinross. Born in Edinburgh in 1863, he was educated at Loretto School, graduated with honours at Keble College, Oxford, afterwards studied at Cuddesdon Theological College, and took holy orders in 1890. After holding curacies at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Dundee, he was appointed Rector of the latter church in 1898, and upon the erection of the church to cathedral status in 1905, was appointed its first Provost.

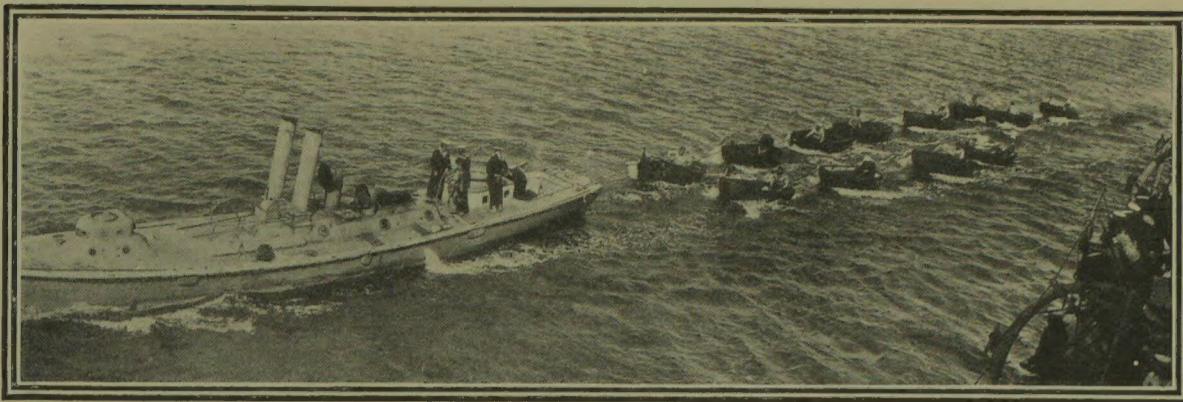
treatment meted out to their children in the Government schools, and the German Empire, for all its strength, and all its prestige, is not old enough to endure Imperial action that strikes so hard at constitutional safeguards. The new Reichstag will assemble in February, and its action will be followed with keenest interest, not only throughout the Empire, but throughout Europe. The publication of the Hohenzollern Memoirs will be regretted more than ever in Government circles just now.

London's New Tube. On Saturday, Dec. 15, the Great

Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway, which will probably be known to its patrons as the "Hammer-Cross," was opened by the President of the Board of Trade. An inaugural luncheon followed the opening, and interesting speeches were made by Sir George Gibb, Mr. Lloyd-George, Sir Edgar Speyer, and others. There is no doubt that the new route from Hammersmith to King's Cross, by way of Piccadilly and Covent Garden, will be of immense service to London, and the remarks made by Mr. Lloyd-George about the "noisome motor-car" will find many sympathisers. In June the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead tube will be completed, and London will have a system of lines that should transform the traffic and, as Sir Edgar Speyer pointed out, will enable the poorer classes more easily and pleasantly to reach the country.

"Peter Pan" Again at the Duke of York's.

Christmas would scarcely seem like Christmas to playgoers now were they robbed of their annual chance of renewing acquaintance with Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful fantasy, "Peter Pan." Every boy and girl just home for the holidays, every



THE NAVAL DISASTER AT PORTSMOUTH: THE METHOD OF TOWING BOATS BY A STEAM-LAUNCH.

On the night of December 17 a naval pinnace, which with a launch and a cutter was being towed out to the "Hindustan" with 200 returning liberty men, struck a buoy, and was capsized. Seventy-four men were in the pinnace, and of these eight were drowned. But for the prompt aid of the tug "Empress," the death-roll would have been much larger. There was a thick fog at the time.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY CRIEB.]



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

VISCOUNT RIDLEY.

Viscount Ridley is Chairman of the Tariff Reform League. He is the eldest son of the late Viscount Ridley, better known as Sir Matthew White Ridley. He is M.P. for Stalybridge.

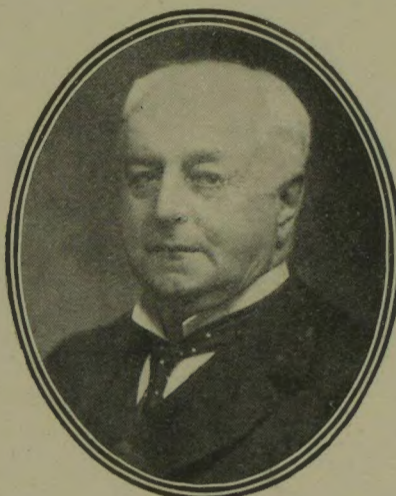


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

LORD BURTON.

Lord Burton represents the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway. He is, of course, Michael Arthur Bass, the great brewer and first Baron Burton.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE RIGHT HON. ARNOLD MORLEY.

Mr. Arnold Morley was formerly Postmaster-General. He is a Barrister of the Inner Temple, was M.P. for Nottingham, and has been Chief Liberal Whip.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

BARON D'ERLANGER (Chairman).

Baron d'Erlanger is Chairman of the Company. He is an eminent financier, and has large interests in the City, and is a member of the firm of Emile Erlanger and Company.



Photo. Langfieri.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER.

General Turner was formerly Inspector-General of Auxiliary forces. He is of the Artillery, and saw war-service in the Nile Expedition, for which he was mentioned in dispatches.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Admiral Campbell served in the campaign against Arabi Pasha, and also in the Benin Expedition. As a naval cadet he gained the diving prize for the longest time under water on record.

BURROWERS UNDER SEA TO FRANCE: THE CHANNEL TUNNEL COMPANY'S DIRECTORS.



THE WESTMINSTER PLAY: SCENE FROM THE "PHORMIO" OF TERENCE.

The chief interest of the yearly Latin play at Westminster School is the most ingenious epilogue, with its hits at the events of the moment. The best things this year have been upon the book war, "Pugnabis Moberly Bellum" and "Viles vendamus Libros veteris aequo novosque."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY.]



EXPULSION FROM HIS PALACE: THE VENERABLE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

On December 17 the Civil authorities visited Cardinal Richard, the aged Archbishop of Paris, and compelled him to quit his official residence. The Cardinal was offered a home by M. Denys Cochin, the Royalist Deputy. The photograph was taken while the Archbishop was leaving his palace for M. Cochin's house.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY HUTIN, FRAMPS.]

tiny tot who still believes in fairies and Santa Claus—nay, for the matter of that, every person of riper years who resolutely refuses to grow old, must long to meet once more in the Never-Never Land that joyous little band of youngsters which owns Peter Pan as its chief, and dear little Wendy as the mother of all; must revel in anticipation of clapping eyes again on the glorious Pirate King and his truculent crew and his grim craft, and the ridiculous crocodile that is for ever following in his tracks. Mr. Frohman has adhered pretty closely to the original cast, the chief variation being Miss Pauline Chase's assumption of the title-rôle.

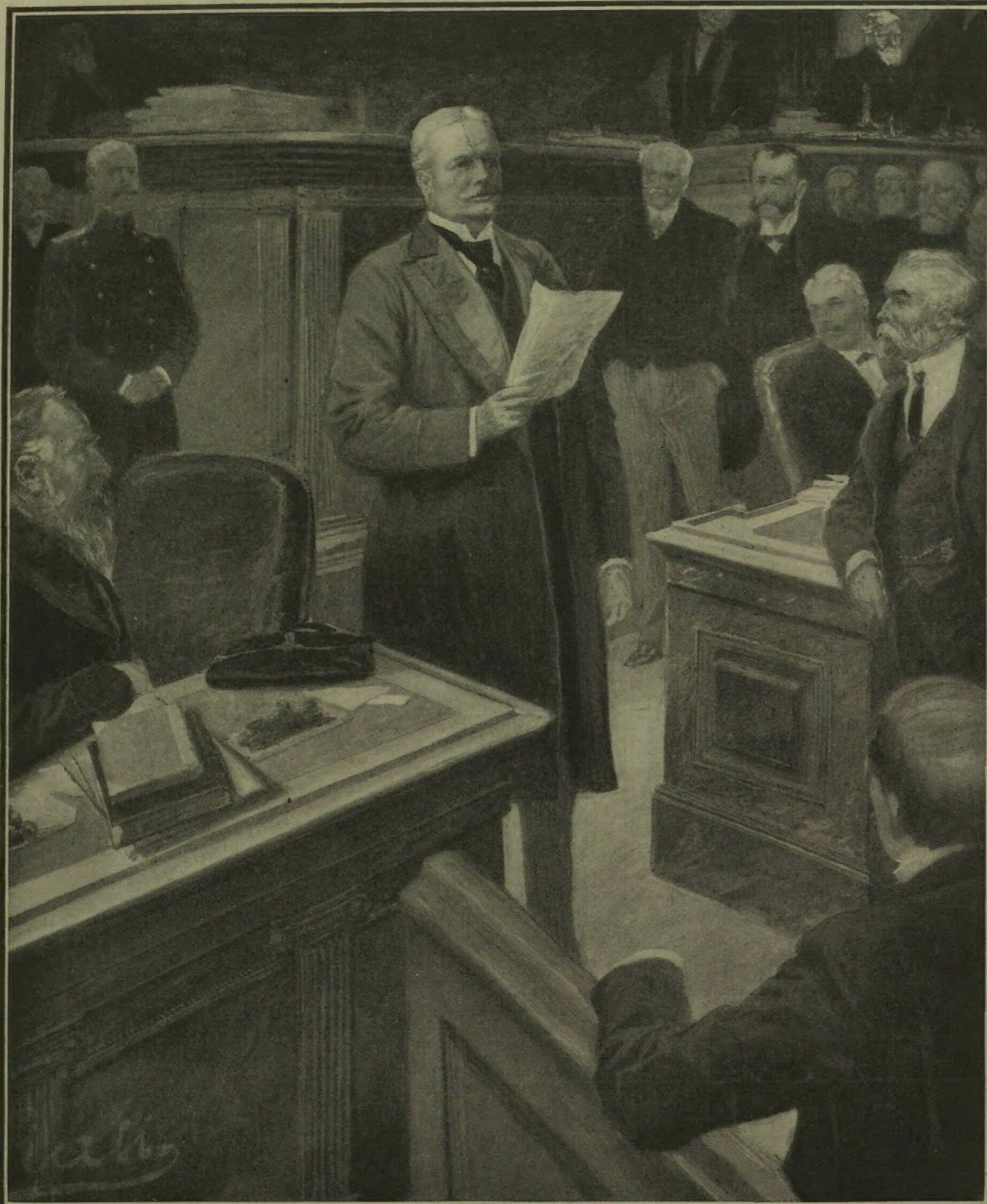
This young actress has not the fire or the fancy of Miss Nina Boucicault, but perhaps she is more of the genuine boy, and she looks wonderfully pretty. As for Mr. Gerald Du Maurier's Pirate King and Miss Hilda Trevelyan's Wendy, they remain as delicious performances as ever.

The Naval Disaster.

Early on Monday last, in foggy weather, a party of some 200 liberty men belonging to H.M.S. *Hindustan* were taken out to their ship at Spithead. A launch, a pinnace, and a cutter were towing astern of the steamboat, the pinnace being in the centre. Opposite the Clarence pier the pinnace capsized; the tug *Empress* chanced to be passing out of the harbour at the time, and hearing cries for help through the fog, proceeded to the assistance of the men in the water. When all who could be found had been rescued, the tug took the men to their ship, and when the roll was called nine were missing. Later in the day, one of these was found on shore; he had missed the liberty boat. Save for the prevalence of the fog, it is difficult to account for the disaster, for the boats were not in any way overloaded.

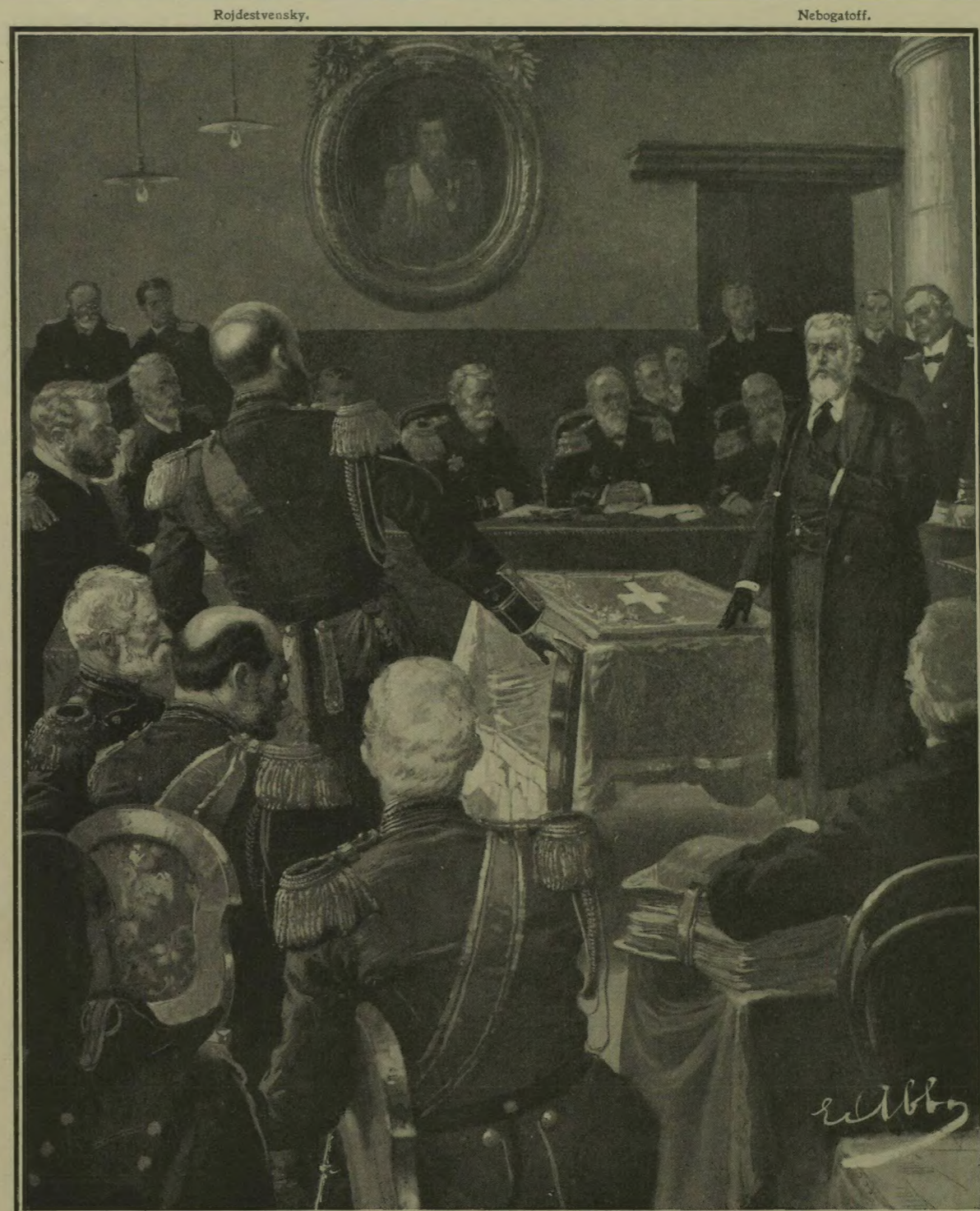
THE DRAMATIC DISSOLUTION OF THE REICHSTAG, AND AN ECHO OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

DRAWINGS BY E. ABBO.



BY ORDER OF THE KAISER: PRINCE BÜLOW, THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR,
DISSOLVES THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

On December 13 the second reading of the Bill for a supplementary vote of 29,000 marks to carry on the military operations in South-West Africa came before the Reichstag. Two days before the grant had been rejected by the Budget Committee as a protest against the conduct of Colonial affairs. The Imperial Chancellor came down to the house in person, and when the Chamber had formally rejected the supplementary grant Prince Bülow, greatly agitated, pulled from his wallet an order from the Kaiser and dissolved the assembly.

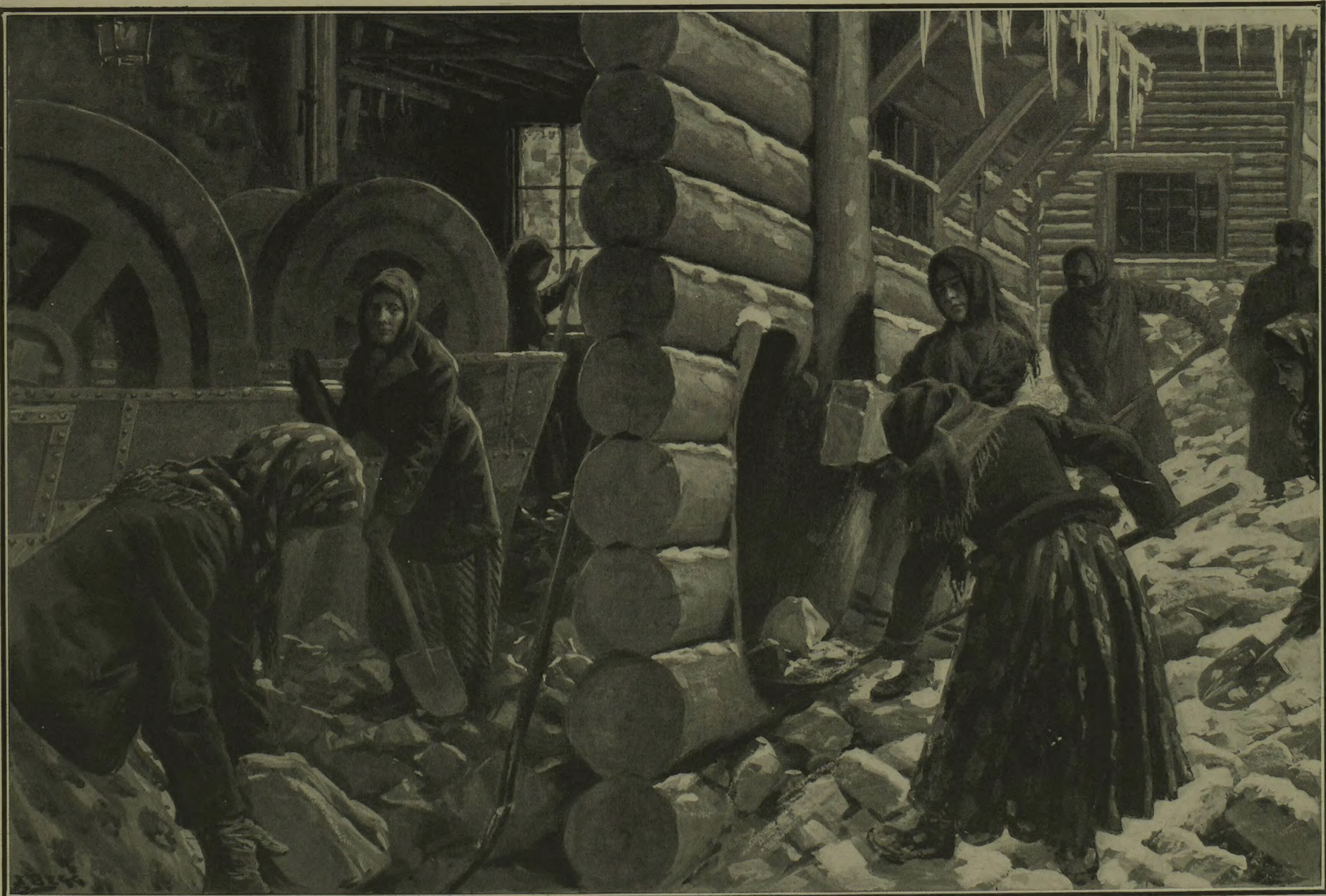


THE TRIAL OF ADMIRAL NEBOGATOFF AT ST. PETERSBURG: THE ACCUSED CONFRONTED
WITH ADMIRAL ROJDESTVENSKY.

On December 5 a special Court-martial began the trial of Admiral Nebogatoff and his officers for surrendering his squadron to the Japanese. The Court called Admiral Rojdestvensky, but would not allow him to speak except on certain chances of the surrender. Rojdestvensky said that the two Admirals ought to bear the consequences of the surrender, and protested against the punishment of subordinate officers who merely obeyed orders.

GOLD SHOVELLED LIKE COAL: A CURIOSITY OF A SIBERIAN MINE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SIBERIA.



SPADEFULS OF GOLD ORE: WOMEN WORKERS AT THE TROITZK MINES.

Mr. Julius Price writes: "The sketches I am sending you were made at the Troitzk Mines, which are the most important and richest of the whole district. Women are largely employed in the mills and on the surface works. It was curious to watch them hard at work shovelling up the rich ore as it came from the shaft as though it were so much coal or rubble. Wages are ridiculously low as compared with what is paid in other mining camps I have visited—two shillings per day

for miners and general labourers, while women and boys get even less. Yet there is always an abundance of labour to be got at these rates. The Troitzk district is nothing more or less than a huge gold-producing industrial centre, and presents a startling contrast to the dreary vista of endless forest or steppes one has to traverse to reach it. The ore is crushed by what is known as Chilian mills." It should be noted that no convicts are employed in these Siberian mines.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

IF the human mind could repose, without inquiry, on any conclusion, that conclusion would be the superiority of German education. We hear of it every day. We recognise it whenever we meet a German waiter, and that is more often than one likes. He can speak all languages, in a tone and with a manner equally repulsive. Now it is much to be doubted whether all the members of the British Cabinet can make themselves intelligible in any language but our own.

In business the German has the advantage of us, because he is educated. *He* does not consign his goods (like an English firm) "to the port of Moscow," which he conceives to be in the Mediterranean.

As to classic learning, so superior is German education that many of our scholars lie down, as it were, and let the Germans walk over them. Baunder and Boscher and Schumpp say this or that, and the British scholar repeats what they say, without exercising the rational faculties which he probably possesses. The Germans put their backs into what they do. I am informed that their museums possess ten times as many articles of daily use among the aborigines of Australia as our museums have acquired, yet we own the Australian continent. That the Germans have over-bought is almost our only consolation.

Perhaps there is another consolation, if it be consoling to take pleasure in the misfortunes of others. We read, in the *Nation* (New York), that education, or at least cramming, is overdone in Germany. Nobody can really take pleasure in the state of things described "in a large number of books, pamphlets, and articles," because the sufferers are the children.

Professor Eulenberg has collected figures relating to suicides of school-children. There were 950 cases in the period 1893 to 1900. That is an average of over a hundred suicides annually—out of how many schoolboys and schoolgirls? We are not told; and the causes provocative of self-murder may not have been educational.

Professor F. Hueppe, of Prague, is reported as applying the epithet "child-murdering" to the German educational system, but we must remember that he is not only an expert, but a sanitary expert, while sanitary experts are apt to indulge in poetic license.

Excessive "brain-work" is not the curse of our Public Schools. The enormous majority of the boys entertain our national contempt for the things of the intellect. A Professor, a distinguished Professor of the Greek language, informs me that, when a schoolboy, he never prepared his lessons before going into school. That beats my record. I always cast a glance at my Greek and Latin books. In England we have only "three or four hours of sedentary brain-work to every hour of bodily exercise"; in Prussia the boys have seventeen hours, in Bavaria twenty-five.

Twenty-five hours of toil at languages and geography and so on, to one hour of batting at the nets! Dr. Julius von Negelein says that the pupils work till midnight. Dr. Smolle says that Mr. Gladstone rejoiced in Homeric studies in his old age, while he challenges creation to find an old German official, business man, or man of property who takes pleasure in any study when he is old. In our country elderly persons, who were very idle when at school, do take up study now and then; in fact, the circumstance is not unusual. Dr. von Negelein knows children who pray every day that they may pass their examination, "because otherwise their fathers would kill them."

Was it not Tom Tulliver who prayed for scholastic success, but, not wishing to overtax Omnipotence, added "and, please, make father say that I am not to do mathematics." There must be, somewhere, a happy medium between the German plan of overtaxing the brain and the British method of giving the brain a holiday.

The recent decision in the case of some letters by Charles Lamb is apt to alarm everybody. The *Athenæum* says, "It looks very like a decision that the receiver of a letter may publish it after the writer's death without the permission of the writer's representatives. This is, in the view of many literary men, an evil requiring further legislation."

Military men, political men, all classes of men, and women, are equally concerned. Great heaven! everyone who possesses the letters of any other person deceased may blackmail that person's representatives! Who has not written foolish letters, angry letters, gushing letters, love letters, and every kind of absurdity? Keats's love letters were published, to the just indignation of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and what is to prevent anybody, if he or she has Mr. Arnold's letters to the Marguerite celebrated in his poems, from publishing them? Who is safe?

As far as I can see, it is not only the receiver of the letters who can publish them after the demise of the writer, it is anyone who has got the manuscript into his legal possession, anyone who is its "lawful proprietor." This is a pretty look-out, if such be the law of the land. Everyone will be obliged to write letters of the most dull and formal character, keeping authenticated copies, as the Scot did when he was courting. It is too late for me to be cautious; I have already "given myself away," like everybody else. But yesterday, in a letter, I casually described an eminent foreign savant as a "prize ass." That is not my sincere and well-considered opinion of the distinguished theorist, but, if I understand the law, anybody who can get legal possession of the epistle may publish it as soon as the breath is out of my body. Moreover, many poets have written verses "perhaps a little gay," not meant for publication. May holders of the manuscripts publish them? If so, I am sorry for the widows of the poets. Poor ladies, they have to blush for their joyous lords.

CHESS.

B MESSENGER (Bridgend).—There must be a mistake somewhere. In the diagram you send the Queen is at R 8th, and is moved by your solution to R 5th, where a Black Knight is standing. The move must then be Q takes Kt (ch). Is that your solution?

H MAXWELL PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—We noticed the fact that the Bishop at R 3rd did not present an impossible position, but we did not carry our analysis to the interesting length that you have done. The composer would, no doubt, appreciate the thoroughness with which you have carried it through.

A GROVES.—It would be folly in us to criticise the judgment of so eminent a player; our only difficulty would be in limiting the choice to three. To those selected we would add the Paulsen v. Morphy and the Weiss v. Pollock games, as, at any rate, fit claimants for a place.

P DALY (Brighton).—We have every desire to publish one of your problems, and will give your last contribution careful consideration; but what credit would it do you if an unworthy position appeared under your name?

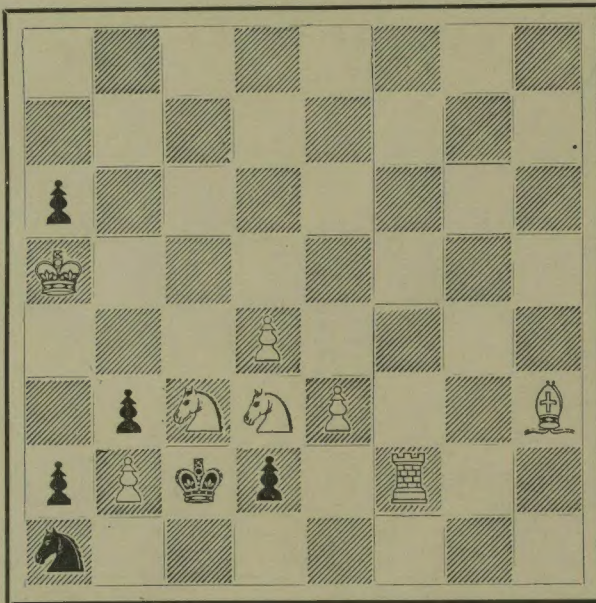
PROBLEMS received with thanks from H E Kidson, Godfrey Heathcote, and E Mauer.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3253 and 3254 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3259 from K P Dè, M.A. (Rangoon); of No. 3260 from V C (Cape Town), and K P Dè, M.A.; of No. 3261 from K P Dè, M.A. (Rangoon), and Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktachacha, India); of No. 3262 from Sriranjana Bagchi, B.A. (Calcutta); of No. 3264 from Eugene Henry (Lewisham); of No. 3265 from A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), B Messenger (Bridgend), V Holdt (Bergen), T F Walklett (Kingsgrove), Souza Couto (Lisbon), Eugene Henry, Otto Mauer (Hackney), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and A G Bagot (Dublin); of No. 3266 from P Daly (Brighton), Stettin, T Roberts, A G Bagot (Dublin), C E Perugini, W G Bedford (Brighton), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C R Jones, Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), S J England (South Woodford), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and B Messenger (Bridgend).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3267 received from Albert Wolff (Putney), C E Perugini, A Groves (Southend), R Worters (Canterbury), C R Jones, Laura Greaves (Shelton), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), T Roberts, Walter S Forester (Bristol), Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), L Harris-Liston, P Daly (Brighton), G Collins (Burgess Hill), Richard Murphy (Wexford), E J Winter-Wood, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Shadforth, F Henderson (Leeds), W G Bedford (Brighton), Charles Burnett, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H Maxwell Prideaux, Sorrento, J Hopkinson (Derby), and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3266.—By H. J. M.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q 4th	Kt takes Q
2. R to Q 2nd	Kt moves
3. R Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 3269.—By H. E. KIDSON.
BLACK.WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By H. E. KIDSON.

White: K at K 2nd, Q at Q R 8th, R at Q 7th, Kts at Q 4th and Q 6th, B at K 7th, Ps at Q Kt 2nd and K Kt 3rd.
Black: K at K 4th, Q at K Kt sq, Kt at Q B 4th, Ps at Q Kt 6th and K Kt 5th.
White mates in two moves.

No. 2.—By B. G. LAWS.

White: K at Q B 7th, Rs at Q Kt 8th and K R 4th, Kts at Q Kt 7th and Q 4th, Bs at K 4th and Q B sq, P at Q R 5th.
Black: K at Q Kt 5th, Ps at Q B 6th and Q B 7th.
White mates in two moves.

No. 3.—By J. DOBRUSKY.

White: K at Q B 2nd, Q at K 2nd, R at Q B 6th, Kt at Q Kt sq.
Black: K at Q R 5th, Rs at Q R 4th and Q Kt 5th, Ps at Q B 6th and Q Kt 7th.
White mates in two moves.

No. 4.—By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

White: K at K 6th, Q at K B sq, R at Q Kt 2nd, Bs at Q Kt 5th and K Kt 5th.
Black: K at Q B 4th, B at Q Kt 8th, Kt at K R 8th, Ps at Q R 4th, Q R 7th, K 5th, K B 5th and 6th.
White mates in three moves.

No. 5.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

White: K at K R 4th, Q at Q R 6th, Kts at Q 4th and K B 4th, B at Q Kt sq, P at Q B 2nd.
Black: K at Q R 8th, Ps at Q R 5th, Q Kt 4th, Q Kt 6th and 7th.
White mates in three moves.

No. 6.—By MAX J. MEYER.

White: K at Q R sq, Q at K R 2nd, R at K B 6th, B at Q Kt 4th, Ps at Q B 2nd, Q B 4th, and K Kt 2nd.
Black: K at Q 5th, Ps at Q B 2nd and 3rd, Q Kt 3rd and 4th, K 5th, and K B 6th.
White mates in three moves.

Solutions will be acknowledged.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in Nuremberg between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and PRZEPIORKA. (Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	14. B takes Kt	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
5. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd		
6. P to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd		
7. P takes P	Kt takes P		
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		
9. P to K B 4th	Castles		
10. B to Q 3rd	B to Q B 4th		
11. Castles	B to Kt 2nd		
12. R to B sq	R to K sq		

Serving no good purpose. Q R to B sq is far better.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"THOUGHT-READING" EXTRAORDINARY.

RECENT discoveries in telegraphy, duly described in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*, are calculated to satisfy in some degree the appetite for advances which the invention of the telephone and the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy evolved and developed. We have been on the tenterhooks of expectation that these latter discoveries would but pave the way for further and more startling innovations in the art of communicating with our fellows at a distance. Such expectations are in a fair way of being realised by the perfecting of Professor Korn's method of transmitting a photograph by electricity, and by other researches in the use of electrical waves, such as an expert declares, wisely or the reverse, may throw Marconi's system into the background. Unless the signs of the times deceive us, we appear to be on the verge of successful research which, pursued to its ultimate end, may revolutionise the means of communication between distant lands, and open up new fields of inquiry, not in electrical science alone, but in those departments of inquiry that concern themselves with man's own powers of thought and appreciation of the world in which he lives.

Added to the list of subjects now engrossing public attention we have that of "telepathy" so called, under which term is included the alleged conveyance of the thoughts of one person to the brain of another, that other being apart from the transmitter and separated by distance or, it may be, by the walls of a room. The experiments, in progress as I write, to test what one may call the bona fides of Mr. and Madame Zancig, the "thought-readers" now performing in London, may be regarded with interest, if the tests proposed to be applied to them are such as to exclude the idea of clever trickery. Accounts of the feats of this couple are certainly remarkable in respect of the apparent ease with which the lady appears to act as receiver of thought transmitted by her husband. One experiment is startling enough. It is that of a selected passage in a book being read by Mr. Zancig in one room and reproduced at once by his wife placed in another room, doors being closed and all suggestion of confederacy or of ordinary means of communication being apparently eliminated.

Now, if this system of communication does not illustrate simply a very complex system of confederacy, and therefore of trickery of a very high order, it is held it must represent the exercise of telepathic powers of no mean degree. I observe in a newspaper report that Mr. Zancig himself says that he cannot explain his powers, and that the feats are illustrations of thought-transference. This is, of course, an *ex parte* statement, and may be taken for what it is worth, which, to say the least, is not very much, because naturally Mr. Zancig is not disposed to enter into details of how he discovered his powers, or how, curiously enough, Madame Zancig should have been found possessed of the necessary facilities to make her the other "twin soul" of the method. It is also asserted that the pair attained their "present imperfect power" (I quote from the newspaper account of an interview) "by long and hard practice." In other words, we are to accept Mr. Zancig's own views of his performance, without any information being afforded regarding the nature, as known to him, of the powers with which he credits himself and his wife. This is only to be expected. He does not wish to make matters plain for business reasons, and so, cleverly enough, the art of the showman is exploited by the suggestion that the performance is all due to the development of brain-qualities such as have hitherto been regarded as possible, though of very improbable, existence.

Again, we should be very cautious in accepting the all too-easy explanation of a supposititious power of telepathic communication, before we have exhausted the possibilities at the command of the clever entertainer. Past experience should teach us to tread warily here, and to wait to see if other entertainers develop powers on similar lines. Sir Oliver Lodge thinks the performance is "the result of a trick," and as the Society for Psychical Research is going to investigate the matter, it will be well to suspend judgment meanwhile.

All the same, I earnestly hope any investigations will not be conducted on the presumption that it is "telepathy" which is on its trial. This would be begging the whole question. It should be an investigation on the plain merits of the case, and should include all possibilities in the way of explanation, beginning with trickery itself. It is also to be hoped that Mr. Maskelyne or other expert may be asked to serve on the committee, if Mr. Zancig will agree. If he does not consent to expert criticism of his methods, such a proceeding will raise a natural doubt in the mind that the powers of the performers have their limits—limits that would be imposed by the conditions an expert would lay down. The conditions would require to be rigorous to meet Mr. Zancig's own contention that his success is due to the possession on the part of his wife and of himself of supernatural powers.

Some there are who would argue that the recent discoveries in telegraphy are to be taken as indicating possibilities of being rivalled by our own brain-work. If photo-telegraphy is a reality, why, it may be asked, is brain-telegraphy not also to be regarded as a likely development? But the two cases are not analogous. We know with what we are dealing in the one case, but we are ignorant of much of the details in the other. Electrical experiment can be described and explained. And the wonders which are being demonstrated to us are explicable on the basis of physical laws. Brain-powers, on the other hand, are apt to elude in their subtlety the grasp of direct science. And if we have frankly to say we "do not know" in the case of brain-powers, surely our confession is not to be taken as leaving no alternative in the way of explanation, save a theory of telepathy, which, after all, may be only a name and cloak for a clever and astounding trick.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS MIRTH.

DRAWN BY PANNETT.



MISTLETOE.

IS SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE REGIMENT TO REMAIN IN SCOTLAND? THE AGITATION REGARDING THE SCOTS GREYS.



THE SCOTS GREYS' UNIFORM, 1682.



THE SCOTS GREYS AT MALPLAQUET, 1709.



THE SCOTS GREYS' UNIFORM, 1700.



ROYAL SCOTS GREYS
1704



TO VICTORY DISMOUNTED: THE SCOTS GREYS' FAMOUS ADVANCE.
ON FOOT AT BLENHEIM.



FRENCH OFFICER
1704



THE UNIFORM OF THE REGIMENT IN 1704.



THE UNIFORM OF THE REGIMENT IN 1706.



THE UNIFORM OF THE REGIMENT IN 1742.

On account of the insanitary condition of Pier's Hill Barracks the War Office decided to remove the regiment from Scotland; but the protest, headed by Lord Rosebery, may, it is hoped, induce Mr. Haldane to decide that the Greys shall remain on their best recruiting-ground. The regiment, the 2nd Dragoons, was raised in 1678 during the strife between the Episcopacy and the Covenanters in Scotland. Their first Commander was Lieutenant-General Dalziel. Their name came from their grey uniforms; grey horses are not mentioned until 1702.

MALPLAQUET PICTURE AND UNIFORMS BY H. W. KOEKKOEK; BLENHEIM PICTURE BY R. CAION WOODVILLE.

THE SCOTTISH BONE OF CONTENTION: THE SCOTS GREYS, "SECOND TO NONE."

THE QUESTION OF RETAINING THE REGIMENT IN SCOTLAND.



THE SCOTS GREYS' UNIFORM IN 1799.



THE SCOTS GREYS' CHARGE AT WATERLOO.



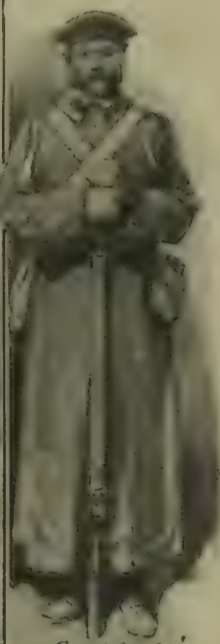
UNIFORM OF THE SCOTS GREYS IN 1815.



ROYAL SCOTS GREYS
1854-55



THE SCOTS GREYS IN THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.



COSSACK
1854-55



THE UNIFORM OF THE REGIMENT IN 1832.



THE UNIFORM OF THE REGIMENT IN 1854



THE REGIMENT'S UNIFORM, PRESENT DAY.

The Scots Greys write on their colours the names of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Gottingen, Waterloo, Balaklava, Sevastopol, Relief of Kimberley, and Paardeburg. At Blenheim they advanced on foot and carried the defences of the village. At Malplaquet occurred the famous fight for the standard; and at Waterloo they made their memorable charge, shouting "Scotland for ever!" At Balaklava they took part in the charge of the Heavy Brigade, where the British cavalry cut its way through a mass of Russians, emerged on the other side, and then fought its way back again.

UNIFORMS AND PICTURE OF BALACLAVA BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, THE WATERLOO PICTURE BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

VARIOUS DESIGNS AND A WONDERFUL ACCIDENT.



A PAINTING THAT WON THE PRIX DE ROME.

The picture is the work of Camillo Innocente, and is styled "A Merry Tune." This prize entitles the student who wins it to study for three years at Rome. Needless to say the distinction is very highly coveted and eagerly competed for.



CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE: THE SEIZURE OF THE PAPAL PAPERS. On December 11, when the Pope's representative, Monsignor Montagnini de Mirabello, was compelled to quit Paris, his papers were seized and taken away in a large basket. Many officials, it is said, were occupied all night in examining them.



Photos. Illustrations Bureau.

AN UNSUSPECTED VISITOR: MARK TWAIN AND—



From "Harper's Weekly."

THE ACCIDENTAL LITTLE GIRL ON HIS PILLOW (see photograph).

TO MARK TWAIN.

By L. J. Bridgman, on the Photographic Freak Shown Above.

IS it strictly a secret the little maid tells, As she mingles her hair with your own?	If it isn't I'm sure there are lots of your friends Who are hoping you'll let it be known.	Is she, haply, a muse, just a little girl muse Who helps out while her mother is snoozing?	Why, of course she's a muse! She was caught in the act; For I certainly found her a-musing!
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"Harper's Weekly," Dec. 8, 1906.



Photo. Grantham Bain.

THE ENEMY OF FOOTBALL: ANDREW CARNEGIE AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

On December 5 Mr. Carnegie dedicated the Carnegie Lake and Bridge which he has presented to Princeton University. The bridge is also shown on this page. At the opening Mr. Carnegie rather incensed the students by declaring that football was ungentelemanly.



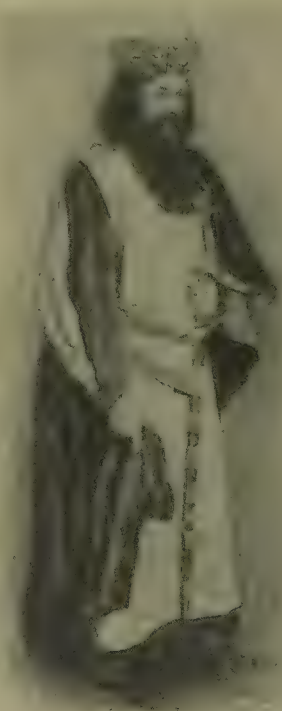
Photo. Topical.

MR. CARNEGIE'S BRIDGE AND ARTIFICIAL LAKE PRESENTED TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

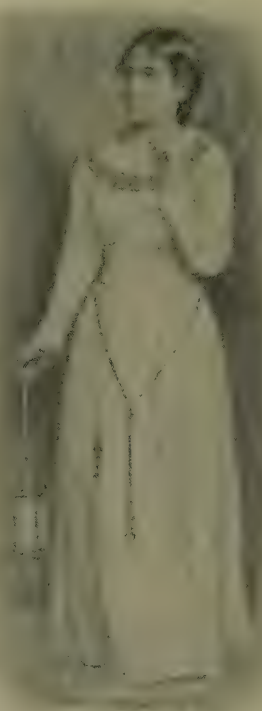
The photograph was taken before the artificial lake was flooded. The bridge was built on dry ground, and presented the curious spectacle for a time of having no apparent reason for its existence. It was at the opening on December 5 that Mr. Carnegie made his famous anti-football speech.

THE CHESTER MYSTERY PLAYS REVIVED, AND A MODERN MORALITY PLAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS PICTURE AGENCY.



THE KING OF THE WILL
IN "EAGER HEART."



EAGER HEART,
TITLE RÔLE IN "EAGER HEART."



EAGER SENSE,
IN "EAGER HEART."



THE KING OF THOUGHT
IN "EAGER HEART."



FROM THE CHESTER MIRACLE PLAYS:

HEROD'S COURT FROM "THE KINGS' PLAY."



THE STRANGERS IN "EAGER
HEART."



THE HOLY FAMILY IN THE CHESTER MYSTERY,
"THE SHEPHERDS' PLAY."



FROM THE VISION OF THE HOLY
FAMILY IN "EAGER HEART."

Recently three of the Chester Mystery Plays, the "Salutation Play," "The Shepherds' Play," and "The Kings' Play," were given at Bloomsbury Hall by the English Drama Society. These mysteries, which were played at Whitsuntide by the City Guilds of Chester, are believed to have been written by Don Randall Higginet, a monk of Chester Abbey. The plays were represented on movable stages, which were wheeled to different parts of the town. The three plays given in the Bloomsbury Hall were originally represented by the Wrights and Slaters, the Painters and Glaziers, and the Vintners and Mercers respectively. Last week "Eager Heart," a modern imitation of the "Morality Play," which had more form than the mystery, and had for characters personifications of virtues and vices, was given at Lincoln's Inn Hall. "Eager Heart," written by Miss Alice Buckton, was produced with the greatest success last year also.

RICHARD CROOKBACK WHITEWASHED AND OTHER THEMES.

SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM is a distinguished man who has done his country good service; and he wishes us to think the same thing of Richard III. Sir Clements may be right; but we confess we hesitate for the present to put him in the same category with his protégé until the subject has been more fully threshed out by special students. It is plausible enough, indeed, to say that, notwithstanding his unenviable fame, King Richard did do some things of a meritorious kind. His good legislation has been often commended; indeed Horace Walpole considered it the one thing which should raise at least a degree of doubt in the mind of anyone who, like himself and Sir Clements Markham, was inclined to acquit him of all his serious crimes. For tyrants generally found it their interest to legislate well, that a grateful people might condone even the most dreadful enormities. If the interests of the common people were attended to, they would be slow to denounce cruelties of which they were not the victims. Sir Clements Markham, however, does not look at the matter in this light. He wants us to give all credit to Richard for wise and good legislation, and to give him a fair character besides for justice, patriotism, and humanity. This seems rather a large demand, for the crimes which have been imputed to the last Plantagenet King are rather numerous—not to say atrocious. The slaughter of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., the murder of that King himself, the summary execution of Hastings, the murders of Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey, and finally of his own nephews in the Tower, make up a very ugly list. No doubt it may be reduced to some extent, for it has been pleaded before now that the evidence of some of these crimes is uncertain, and that Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey were executed after something like a trial. But Sir Clements Markham, we believe, is the first man to allege that Hastings had one, and his theory that the Princes in the Tower were murdered, not by their uncle Richard, but by Henry VII. after his accession, is altogether original. Sir Clements, however, puts all this before us as the mature result of many years of serious study on his part, and he says in his Preface: "My own conclusions are that Richard III. must be acquitted on all the counts of the indictment." Whether he will succeed in converting many others to his views we will not undertake to say, but we have no doubt at all that "Richard III., his Life and Character" (Smith, Elder) will attract attention. The theory on which the author's argument rests is that all testimony under the Tudors was prejudiced or perverted to suit the reigning dynasty. Such a theory may surely be pressed too far; but it must be left for the learned to discuss. The book is very well written and very well got up. It is illustrated, not only by an engraving of the portrait of Richard III. in the National Portrait Gallery, but with several genealogical tables and a map of the Battle of Bosworth.

So far as the art of writing goes, Mr. H. G. Wells has hitherto done nothing so good as "The Future in America" (Chapman and Hall). It is courageous to turn from forecasts of human life to observation of the United States, and, while continuing to prophesy, to lay his cards on the table and (to vary the metaphor) expose the foundations of his castles in the air to scrutiny. Mr. Wells has not struck the present reviewer as happy in his occasional observations on current English life: in fact, he has seemed to have a unique secret of combining acrimony with dullness. But across the Atlantic he is a shrewd observer and a courteous critic. It is true that he generalises not only (as he confesses) on a very short acquaintance with the United States, but on a short acquaintance with a very limited part of the great Republic. We cannot feel sure that he ever penetrated further into the Southern States than to shake hands with Mr. Booker Washington (on whom he writes a most interesting chapter). We do feel quite sure that he is rashly adopting the "ignotum per ignotius" method when he adopts the view that the black man is treated worse in South Africa than in the States. Apparently Mr. Wells, like so many clever people here, believes that there is a real analogy between Zulus living in tribal communities in Natal, and the descendants of Negro slaves in America. Of course he knows all about it! Why, he once met a particularly unintelligent cad from Johannesburg! Colour questions apart, Mr. Wells writes as if the middle West, and the far West, did not exist—except as represented by Chicago. But few tourists have turned a trip to New York, Boston, and Washington to such good account. He is well worth hearing on the general conditions which underlie the Trusts question. He points out that it is incorrect to think of "the general American population as a mass of people undergoing impoverishment through the enrichment of the few." What is really happening is that the organisation of capital is robbing the average citizen of the old opportunities of rising to wealth. The poor man is still well off, judged by European standards, but he no longer has the chance of becoming rich. On the American character—its smug individualism, its confidence that destiny is on the side of the States, so that one really need not worry about flagrant abuses—Mr. Wells writes excellently, and he is keen to note the symptoms of a new uneasiness. Child-labour, political and municipal corruption, are awakening a questioning spirit. And hordes of immigrants from the more backward countries of Europe are flooding in, helping the capitalist to make money for the moment, yet undermining the national fabric. Mr. Wells makes no pretence at covering the whole ground, but his book is

stimulating, and it should take a high place as an essay in national psychology.

If the latter-day recruits to the ranks of automobilists would realise something of the spirit which not only endeared motor-driving, but also motor-tending, to the pioneers, particularly so earnest a disciple of petrol as Charles Jarrott, they should at once possess themselves of "Ten Years of Motoring and Motor-Racing" (E. Grant Richards), in which that peerless and fearless *conducteur* of mighty racing-machines has set out in manner worthy of the subject, and in terms which would not do discredit to any of our best descriptive writers, his automobile experiences of the past decade. From the moment that it became possible to drive a motor-car in this country, and for some time before, Jarrott had succumbed to the fascination of the sport, and graduated therein so rapidly that after some dalliance with motor-cycles, we find him at the wheel of a 40-h.p. racing Panhard in the Paris-Berlin race of 1901. The book opens with a vivid description of the memorable run to Brighton on Emancipation Day, Nov. 14, 1896, by which time the petrolic microbe had already infected Jarrott. For the full comprehension of the enthusiasm which led men to struggle for hours in wind, rain, and shine with a jibbing car, to cake themselves with mud, daub themselves with oil and grease, and rejoice withal so long as they won through, the chapters "The Very Early Days" and "Making History" must be perused. The great historic, epoch-making races, such as the Paris-Berlin, the Circuit du Nord (in which Jarrott finished second), the Paris-Vienna, the Circuit des Ardennes, 1902 (which he won), and the deadly Paris-



AN ARCTIC EXPLORER WHITEWASHES RICHARD III.: CROOKBACK'S PORTRAIT, WHICH FORMS THE FRONTISPIECE TO SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM'S BOOK.

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Bordeaux portion of the arrested Paris-Madrid race, are described, from the point of view of one who risked much for love of the sport in them, in so holding and thrilling a manner that one reads them almost breathlessly from end to end, and envies the writer not only his experiences, enthralling as they were, but the great descriptive gift which permits him to set the story of these wild drives so intensely and so realistically before his readers.

Here and there, embedded in the patter of the charlatan, are observations that make one wonder what "Success in Life" (Nash) might have been, if Dr. Emil Reich had not contented himself with parading generalisations and truisms—the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal—and addressed himself instead to a more scrupulous consideration of the subject-matter. It is not always safe to presume upon the obtuseness of readers; and in this instance the naked artifice of the opening essays will make moderately intelligent people sheer off Dr. Reich's philosophy. They are stuffed with high-sounding phrases about the Constants and the Variables of Success, and much verbiage concerning the science of energetics, a term of which its author is quite inordinately proud. Yet on pages 225-237, he avows that (according to him and—Hegel) success in philosophy depends upon a "solid" text, repeating in long words what has been said a hundred times in short ones, and the text must be "in that peculiar jargon which alone carries approval at Universities and awe with the public." It cannot be improper to assume that Dr. Reich practises what he preaches; and the result is a handsome discounting of "the science of energetics." This is a pity; because, as we said before, there are some reflections behind the verbosity which do not deserve a speedy oblivion. But his elaboration of "The Success of the Foreigner" was surely a waste of—energetics. It was summed up once and for all in Horace Greeley's famous utterance, "Young man, go West!"

MYSTERY AND MORALITY PLAYS.

AFTER the mystery play, the morality. The sequence is that of literary history, and it was observed, probably by accident, a few days ago by two independent bodies of players at Bloomsbury Hall and Lincoln's Inn. At the former the English Drama Society produced three of the famous series of Chester Mystery Plays, which are almost the oldest examples of English dramatic writing; at the latter a company of artists who preserve a delightful mystery as to their identity, played once more the charming modern composition, "Eager Heart," which is neither wholly miracle nor wholly morality, but a happy fusion of the qualities of both.

The broad distinction between the mystery or miracle and the morality play is that the former represented with little form or comeliness some Scripture narrative, while the latter, with more pretension to style and construction, elaborated some moral theme by means of characters who impersonated virtues and vices. The ecclesiastical origin of the mysteries is familiar to everyone who remembers his primer of literature, and need not be further insisted on here. The details, however, of the long series of twenty-four Chester mysteries and the curious ritual of their production may be outlined without the charge of *crambe repetita*. The mysteries were, it is believed, the work of a monk of Chester Abbey, Don Randall Higginet, who made three journeys to Rome before he could obtain the Papal sanction to perform the plays in English. The representation was undertaken by the merchant and trades guilds of the City, who gave their performances on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of Whitsun week.

According to the Harleian MSS., the full list of mysteries and their interpreters was the following: "The Fall of Lucifer," by the Tanners; "The Creation," by the Drapers; "The Deluge," by the Dyers; "Abraham, Melchizedek, and Lot," by the Barbers; "Moses, Balak, and Balaam," by the Capers; "The Salutation and Nativity," by the Wrights; "The Shepherds Feeding their Flocks by Night," by the Painters and Glaziers; "The Three Kings," by the Vintners; "The Oblation of the Three Kings," by the Mercers; "The Killing of the Innocents," by the Goldsmiths; "The Purification," by the Blacksmiths; "The Temptation," by the Butchers; "The Last Supper," by the Bakers; "The Blind Man and Lazarus," by the Glovers; "Jesus and the Lepers," by the Corvesarys; "Christ's Passion," by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers; "The Descent into Hell," by the Cooks and Innkeepers; "The Resurrection," by the Skinners; "The Ascension," by the Tailors; "The Election of Matthias," "Sending of the Holy Ghost," etc., by the Fishmongers; "Anti-christ," by the Clothiers; "The Day of Judgment," by the Websters.

Of these the English Drama Society has just presented "The Salutation," "The Shepherds' Play," and "The Kings' Play," which formed the Nativity group. At Bloomsbury Hall the dramas were given with the utmost reverence and decorum, but in the fourteenth century, the sacred stories were not thought incompatible with a great deal of broad buffoonery. In "The Flood" Noah's wife, who enjoyed great popularity with Chester audiences, had an entirely comic part: she preferred staying with her gossips to entering the Ark, and had at length to be dragged in by Shem. Exasperated, the good woman favours Noah with a sound box on the ear. The versification was rude, but often charmingly quaint, and, to ears trained to the prosody of the period, sometimes not unmusical. In the "Shepherds," when the gifts are offered to the Christ-child, there are curious reflections of English pastoral life of the period, and just before the appearance of the angel the herdsmen hold a rustic wrestling-match. Here Higginet shows an admirable humanity and a fine poetic truth;

for there is no misconception more chilling to historical sense than that which attributes to Scriptural characters, merely because they are Scriptural, qualities austere and ascetic. The Syrian shepherds may not have been wrestlers of the Forest of Arden type, but they were not necessarily persons who would look askance at field sports. This, however, is rather a question for Mr. Chesterton and the Anti-Puritan League, to whom the case is in all humility submitted.

The address of the Shepherds to the Christ-child runs—

First Shep. Heale Kinge! borne in a mayden's bower,
Profites did tell Thou shouldest be our succore.
Loe, I bring Thee a bell:
I praie Thee save me from hell,
So that I maye with Thee dwell,
And serve Thee for aye.

Second Shep. Heale Thee, blessed full barne.
Loe, sonne, I bring Thee a flaggette,
Theirby heinges a spouse,
To eate Thy pottage with all at nounce.

Third Shep. Loe, sonne, I bring Thee a cape,
For I have nothinge elles.

The first Chester performance was held in the year 1327. Twenty-four large stages, open on all sides and with a closed under-compartment to serve as a tiring-house, were taken through the streets in the order of representation. Each of the plays was given first before the abbey gates, and the stages were then wheeled to many different points, where the performance was repeated. This device of prudent municipal authorities, forerunners of a grandmotherly County Council, was intended to prevent dangerous overcrowding. The accounts of the shows still exist and contain many amusing entries. Space remains for one only: "Item, pay'd for mendynge hell-mouth. 2d." J. D. S.

THE DRAMATIC EXPULSION OF THE POPE'S REPRESENTATIVE FROM PARIS.



FAREWELL TO THE POPE'S POWER IN FRANCE: MONSIGNOR MONTAGNINI DE MIRABELLO CONDUCTED TO THE RAILWAY STATION BY THE SPECIAL COMMISSARY OF PUBLIC SAFETY IN PARIS.

The Pope's injunction to the French churches to resist the order of M. Clemenceau's Cabinet to make formal announcement to the civil authorities of public worship as though it were an ordinary public meeting, on pain of closing the churches, has led to the severest measures being taken by the State against the Church. On December 11 the Pope's representative in Paris was visited by the Commissary of Public Safety at No. 10, Rue de l'Elysée, the former residence of the Nuncio, and was conducted to the railway station, en route for the frontier.

Monsignor de Mirabello's papers were confiscated.

FROM THE WORLD'S MUSEUM: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



Photo, Park.

VASES WORTH 3700 GUINEAS: RECORD PRICE PORCELAIN.

The pair of Ming black vases of the Kang-He period were bought at Christie's on December 14 by Mr. Hodgkins. The price is a record. It is said they were purchased for Mr. Pierpont Morgan.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A PETITION NINE-AND-A-HALF MILES LONG.

The petition presented to Parliament by the Canine Defence League against Vivisection contains 400,000 signatures. The eleventh part of the petition is here photographed. Its weight is four tons.



Photo, Park.

MORE COSTLY PORCELAIN: BEAKERS THAT FETCHED 3001 GUINEAS.

These beakers were also purchased by Mr. Hodgkins. They have a bright ruby-coloured ground, and date from the Yung-Chin period. It is said that these were also purchased for Mr. Pierpont Morgan.



Photo, Halfpines.

THE GRAVE OF THE REAL SANTA CLAUS: ST. NICHOLAS'S TOMB IN BARI CATHEDRAL.

In 1087 the remains of St. Nicholas, the original Santa Claus, were removed by some pious merchants from Myra, where he died in the fourth century, to Bari, in Southern Italy. The Feast of St. Nicholas at Bari, on December 6, is exceedingly interesting and picturesque.



Photo, Halfpines.

THE RUBENS CEILING IN THE BANQUETING-HOUSE, WHITEHALL, TO BE RESTORED.

The apotheosis of James I. on the ceiling of the banqueting-house at Whitehall is to be restored, so the United Service Museum will have to be closed for a time. The ceiling has already undergone four or five restorations. The last was by Cipriani.



IS IT A GAINSBOROUGH? THE SUPPOSED PORTRAIT OF "PERDITA."

Mr. B. Christian, of Carlton Street, was fortunate enough to buy for £3 this picture, which is believed to be a Gainsborough. It was bought in Fleet Street in 1886 by the Hon. Francis Baring, and after the Baring failure it remained forgotten until last Christmas. It was then put up for auction, when Mr. Christian bought it. He values it at £12,000. The portrait is believed to be that of "Perdita," Mrs. Robinson, the actress, the famous flame of George IV.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT EVER TAKEN.

This, the first photographic portrait ever taken, was lately published by "Leslie's Weekly," and is here reproduced by courtesy of the Eastman Kodak Company. The original was Miss Anna Katherine Draper. The photograph was made by her brother, Dr. Joseph W. Draper, an eminent chemist of New York. The plate dates from 1840. Although elaborate retouching was then unknown, many of the difficulties of portrait photography have been successfully overcome.

TWO PETER PANS IN LONDON AND MANCHESTER:

THE NEW HEROINES OF BARRIE'S CLASSICAL CHILDREN'S PLAY FOR GROWN-UPS.



1. THE MANCHESTER PETER PAN; MISS ZENA DARE IN THE PART.

4. MISS ZENA DARE AS PETER PAN.

2. PETER PAN PLAYS NAPOLEON; MISS ZENA DARE IN THE PART.

5. PETER PAN STRANDED; MISS PAULINE CHASE IN THE PART.

3. THE NEW PETER PAN AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S; MISS PAULINE CHASE.

6. MISS PAULINE CHASE AS PETER PAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS: THE KING THAT GAVE CHRISTIANITY TO NORWAY.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



"THOR'S HAMMER OR CHRIST'S CROSS?"

Olaf kept Christmas at Trondhjem, and while he drank he made the sign of the Cross over his drinking-horn, but his Berserks made the sign of the Hammer of Thor. Thereupon the King challenged Halfred the Skald to sing a song with a sword in every line. At the close the King blamed the minstrel for omitting the sword from one line, but Halfred pleaded that in one line it occurred three times. Then Olaf raised his hilt, cross-shaped, and commanded the Skald to choose between Thor's Hammer and Christ's Cross.

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;

Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's Hammer or Christ's Cross?
Choose!"

And Halfred the Skald said: "This,
In the name of the Lord, I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"

And a shout went round the board:
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword;

And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-had
To the Lord!"

[LONDONSTOWN.]

WHERE FRANCE KEPT POPES WITHIN HER BORDERS: AVIGNON PALACE, LATELY A BARRACKS, NOW TO BE RESTORED BY FRANCE.



1. THE PRINCIPAL DOOR OF THE EGLISE DES DOMS.
2. THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE PALACE OF THE POPES.
3. THE NORTH SIDE OF THE PALACE OF THE POPES.

4. THE PALACE AS A MESS-ROOM.
5. THE TOMB OF THE FOUNDER, POPE BENEDICT XII., IN THE EGLISE DES DOMS.

6. THE EARLIEST DESIGN: THE BUILDING OF CLEMENT V.
7. THE TOMB OF POPE JOHN XXII.

Elsewhere we note how the Popes were compelled to reside in France. Curiously enough, the French Government, at the very moment when it is waging bitter war on the Vatican, has decided to save the ancient Palace of the Popes at Avignon from its long desecration as a barracks. The soldiers have just been withdrawn from the Palace, and restorations will be undertaken. The building was begun by Clement V., but his works were swept away to make room for the weird pile which was erected on the design of Benedict XII. There is a legend, ridiculed by Viollet le Duc, that heretics were roasted on the fire of the Palace kitchen.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYER D'AGEN AND THE UNIVERSEL PRESS.]

FRANCE'S WAR ON THE CHURCH: WHERE POPES RULED FROM FRENCH SOIL

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYER D'AGEN.



FRANCE REPENTS OF HER VANDALISM: WONDERFUL REMAINS OF FRESCOES IN THE PALACE OF THE POPES AT AVIGNON, LATELY A BARRACKS, NOW TO BE RESTORED.

At the moment when France is at war with the Vatican, it is interesting to remember that when Philip IV. of France dethroned Pope Boniface VIII. he procured the election of a Frenchman, Clement V., and ordered him to reside at Avignon. The Palace was begun by that Pontiff, but the present building was erected by Benedict XII. For many years it has been a barracks, but lately the French Government decided to restore the Palace, and removed the soldiers. The frescoes are by Simone Memmi and Matteo da Viterbo

THE KING'S COUSIN AS A SCULPTOR: COUNTESS GLEICHEN'S STATUARY



THE ARTEMIS FOUNTAIN FOR HYDE PARK.



A BRONZE STATUETTE OF PEACE.



FIGURE FOR A GARDEN IN PARIS.



A TWO-HANDLED CUP.



QUEEN VICTORIA.
Done for Lady Mount Stephen.



A CLASSICAL CUP.



BUST OF THE LATE MR. ARTHUR STRONG



QUEEN HATASU: THE EGYPTIAN SUBJECT THAT WON THE AUSTRALIAN COMPETITION.

At the Dudley Gallery Countess Fedora Gleichen is exhibiting examples of her sculpture. One of the most interesting pieces is the model for a bronze panel here illustrated. It represents Queen Hatasu, of Egypt, directing the building of her temple at Deir-el-Bahari. The bronze will be placed on the exterior of the National Art Gallery in Sydney.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR: A PRETTY POLISH CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY C. DE IANKOWSKI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN POLAND.



THE PROCESSION OF THE STAR.

The peasants go round the villages at Christmas-time with a huge lighted star, symbolising the star of Bethlehem. Three boys impersonate the three Kings of the East, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, and go from house to house singing for small coin. They carry also a little puppet-show, in which the drama of the Nativity and other Scripture incidents are performed.

TUBES FOR THE MILLION: LONDON'S NETWORK AND HONEYCOMB OF UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY.



1. HONEYCOMBED LONDON—HOW THE METROPOLIS IS RIDDLED WITH RAILWAY TUBES AND SEWERS: AN ELEVEN MILES' SECTION.

2. LONDON'S RAILWAY NETWORK: THE NEW BROMPTON AND PICCADILLY LINE (OPENED DECEMBER 15) AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

Whatever contraction may be found for the name of the new Great Northern, Brompton, and Piccadilly Railway, which brings Hammersmith within easy reach of Finsbury Park, there can be no doubt as to the utility of the new route. The linking-up of Central London with the outskirts can be studied from this plan, and the contrast with the old days of Inner and Outer Circle only is very striking. Coming extensions are shown by a dotted line; existing lines in deep black.



SCARING THE OIL-BIRD FROM ITS CAVE-NEST BY GUN-FIRE.

In certain restricted parts of northern and western South America occurs the remarkable species known as the Guacharo or Oil-bird. One of the best-known haunts of the Guacharo is the island of Monos, off Trinidad, and here the bird breeds in the rocky caves. On the mainland it also inhabits caves, on the ledges of which it constructs a curious circular nest of mud, and lays four white eggs. Emerging from their recesses in the twilight, the Guacharos fly round the nectandra trees, and in full career snatch the fruit from the boughs. The name of "oil" bird is given to the species from the fact that

the nestlings become prodigiously fat. At the season when the young are hatched, the natives take numbers of the young, whose fat is melted down into clay pots, and goes by the name of "Guacharo butter." The caves in which the oil-birds nest are in some places only accessible from the sea, and the excursion is often a matter of difficulty and danger. In some of the caves in the Peruvian mountains the nests are placed at a height of fifty or sixty feet, and the procuring of the young by the Indians is a matter of some risk. It is usual to scare the birds off the nests by firing a gun.

MUSIC.

THE players of instruments and the singers of songs are preparing for a brief period of repose: comparatively few will seek the suffrages of the public during the next fortnight. Perhaps in view of the impending vacation, orchestras and soloists were specially busy towards the end of last week and in the beginning of this. Apart from the customary recitals by singers, pianists, 'cellists, and violinists there were performances by the students of the operatic class at the Royal Academy of Music, who presented the last two acts of Verdi's "Falstaff," while the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music gave a concert at which two new works by students were brought forward, an overture by Mr. W. E. Lawrence and a first movement of a pianoforte concerto by Miss Ethel Scarborough. Each, despite its immaturity, was worthy of the compliment it received, and gave some promise of future achievement.

On Saturday the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave its last Symphony Concert before Christmas, and Tchaikovsky's pianoforte concerto in G major saved the programme from the charge of being hackneyed. It is needless to remark that the music was played beautifully, for that goes without saying when Mr. Henry Wood presides over the Queen's Hall Orchestra. The real trouble is that we know what to expect almost from the beginning to the end of a programme that contains so much familiar music. Every conductor has his own readings, his own taste in orchestral colour, his own points of emphasis, his own conception of what is right and wrong in music—in short, his mannerisms. When Mr. Wood presents the "Pathetic" Symphony and "Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine" at a Symphony Concert we begin to feel that we could endure their transfer to the Promenade Concerts, or the concerts of the Sunday League. The realm of music is a very large one, and time allotted to us for its exploration is small. Queen Alexandra attended Saturday's Concert at the

Queen's Hall, perhaps to hear Miss Johanne Stockmarr, a Danish pianist, who gave a delightful rendering of the Tchaikovsky concerto, a composition that, despite occasional diffuseness, possesses great beauty, and must hold many attractions for pianists of the best mental calibre.

Mr. Herbert Spalding gave the last of a series of orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall on Friday last,

heights, but, on the other hand, his gifts may be his undoing, for they are sufficient already to draw considerable audiences and unstinted applause, and these compliments may mislead him. The programme included a Dramatic Scena for Soprano and Orchestra, cleverly written by Landon Ronald, who conducted, and Mr. Herbert Bedford's "Symphonic Interlude," a modern and sometimes daring piece of work, written after reading "The Faërie Queene" (a work which was not written by Spenser, in spite of the programme). Let it be added that the young composer seems to have listened to Wagner after reading Spenser.

On Saturday afternoon, Busoni played at the Bechstein Hall, and was heard in his best form by a large and responsive audience. He ranged over a wide country, starting with Chopin's twenty-four preludes, passing to the "Appassionata Sonata," and reaching Liszt's "Grand Fantasia" on "Don Giovanni" by way of Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Handel." Such a programme demanded most varied gifts—delicacy of thought and treatment, strength, and a mental response to a composer's most passionate moods, technical excellence that refuses to be baffled by the searching tests of a master who understood the capacities of the piano, even more than its limitations, and the power of making the Liszt-Mozart combination tolerable to ears that have been flattered and caressed. To say that Busoni succeeded in every instance is to recognise the extent and variety of his gifts. He invaded the domains of many specialists, and at the end of the

performance it was impossible to say that he responds to one influence rather than other. He contrives to give what seems to be a sincere and finely informed reading of all music after its kind, and if he does descend to works that were written for the virtuoso rather than the musician, he must be presumed to have some subtle reason for his choice—he can play so much better work, quite well.



MORE WINTER SPORT: AN EXCITING ICE-BOAT RACE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

Last week we illustrated an ice-boat tacking. Our present picture shows a crowd of ice-boats running before the wind. The rigging of these is less elaborate than that of the yacht previously given.

and played the Mendelssohn Concerto and Saint-Saëns' "Rondo Capriccioso." His playing is fluent and easy, he gets a very rich and full tone from his violin, but there is little evidence of real inspiration behind his work. We should be inclined to regard him as a singularly clever young performer and nothing more, were it not for the possibilities that increasing years and devotion to work may have in store. With his gifts he may rise to great

WINTER IN SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN

THE BEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD.

10
HOURS
FROM
PARIS.



OPEN
ALL THE
YEAR
ROUND

THE GRAND CASINO.

Same Attractions as on the Riviera.

'No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.'

THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE !

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us, We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost*, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And I should accept it as an image of human life.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It is left to you to find out *why your ears are boxed*."—HUXLEY.

"*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself."—T. CARLYLE.

"INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL."—Goethe.
SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:

"Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should."

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IT IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, AND AN UNSURPASSED ONE.

A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—"After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon."

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Limited, 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

LADIES' PAGES.

IT is rare indeed that royal personages take the least notice, directly or indirectly, of the rubbish that gets printed concerning their opinions and actions. The discretion of this silence is as great as the effort must often be considerable. The question was argued out in the early days of the late Queen's reign, as a letter in the Life of the Prince Consort shows, and it was pointed out to her Majesty that if any misstatements were set right on her own authority, the inference would be drawn that every other statement not so contradicted was authentic, because she had not had it denied, and that there would in that case be no end to the denials and explanations. Queen Victoria accepted this argument once for all, and never took the smallest notice of any misstatements, however absurd and however irritating and painful (as the biography above cited reveals that those false statements often were to her), and whether it was mischievous nonsense, as were many of the statements about Prince Albert that most hurt his goodwife's feelings, or simply silly nonsense, such as the advertising announcements that her Majesty's favourite author was Mr. or Miss So-and-so, Queen Victoria never contradicted anything. She carried out to the full the rather cynical motto "They say—what say they?—let them say!"

As a rule, this is accepted for their course by all royalties, but just recently royal reserve has been occasionally broken through. Quite pathetic is the document issued by the Queen of Roumania, and signed "Dr. Carmen Sylva." There is a homely and friendly character about the doings of the Queen of Roumania; her publication of her poems, over the same *nom-de-guerre* as she signs to her letter, was in itself a democratic act, and the way in which she now explains to her people that she has for months past been in constant attendance, day and night, on her husband, whose mind is unaffected by great sufferings that he has heroically faced, and from which she now hopes he will recover, is an appeal that any man of good feeling must respond to. The other recently-issued *dementi* is from the Grand Duchess Sergius, the daughter of our Princess Alice. Her late husband's death at the hands of Nihilists is fresh in memory, and it was a surprise to hear the rumour that she was engaged to marry another Russian Grand Duke; but the royal lady has not been content to allow time to deny this statement; she has promptly repudiated the idea in her own name. It is doubtful policy, however, for anybody, and especially for a royal person, to correct Dame Rumour; she has a deaf ear for Truth, and a clamorous tongue to shout facts down.

The Grand Duchess Sergius, by the way, would not be recognised under that appellation by the average Russian. In the country to



SATIN AND SABLES.

A soft white satin gown is seen at its best lightly trimmed with bands of sable, and velvet belt and bow, as here depicted.

which by her marriage she belongs, she is known, according to native custom, which does not conceal the wife's own name in her husband's, in any rank of life, as the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna; and by that cognomen she was described on the tickets of admission to the sale of Russian home industries, which her Imperial Highness organised to be held in London from Dec. 6 to 12, at the house of Princess Alexis Dolgorouki. The patronage of Queen Alexandra, as well as that of most of the Princesses of England, was obtained for the event by their Imperial relative, and a selection of the goods was sent down to Sandringham for our Queen's choice. Her Majesty's chief purchase was a large cabinet in carved wood-work, ornamented with silver hinges and other decorations, the silver-work also being a product of cottage industries. The Queen bought also clasps in the curious silver-work, which is rough and uncouth beside the manufactures of a trained silversmith of London or Paris, yet has a charm all its own, as hand-work that is the product of the artisan's own mind always has from its mere individuality. The Queen bought, too, many pieces of Russian embroideries, a number of carved wood platters and dishes, and toys for her grandchildren. The sale, under such patronage, was a great fashionable and financial success. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, in whose beautiful house in Grosvenor Street the sale was held, is an Englishwoman, who was Miss Fleetwood Wilson before her marriage to the Russian noble whose name she now bears. She is very charitable, and in frequent request for opening bazaars for British objects—an honourable office which, of course, is far from "honorary" but implies liberal purchases by the lady so distinguished.

When Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman received a deputation recently from the Congress on Infant Mortality, he made some sensible observations on the necessity of securing more nourishment, better air, and even a degree of leisure, and all that makes for comfort and happiness for mothers, in order that their children might be born strong, vigorous, and so with a good chance of surviving. The Premier's sympathetic reference to the needs of the poor mothers has not fallen unheeded. A committee of gentlemen at Blackburn have raised a subscription to provide a good meal daily for a small number of women of the working classes, under medical supervision, in order to ascertain if a great improvement in their condition and that of their children results.

It seems rather a pity to cut up fine furs to make trimmings, but it is being largely done. The justification for the killing of fur-wearing animals in order that man may have the use of their fur is mainly the need of artificial warmth that the least naturally protected of all animals experiences. But fur is singularly becoming to the face, and gives dignity to the general aspect too, and a little of it used on a gown affords a distinction that has always been recognised. In past times of sumptuary laws the use of fur as trimmings on garments for both men and women was strictly regulated; only persons of some rank might use certain kinds; and the same effect, in a

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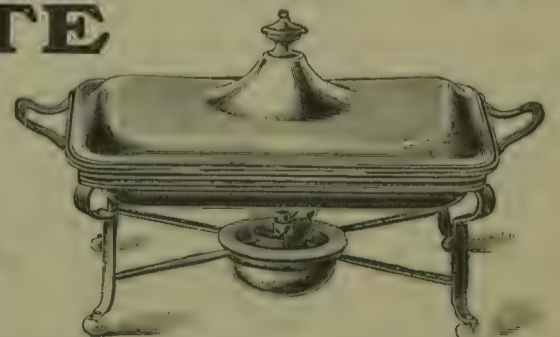
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measure, follows now from the costliness of the most handsome and decorative furs. A line of ermine trims a white satin gown for evening wear to perfection, and also is one of the most expensive sorts of adornment that it can display. A pink satin is equally favoured by chinchilla trimmings. Sable on velvet seems in its natural home, and whether for day or evening wear, sable-trimmed velvet, say, of a blue or golden-brown or old-rose tint, looks superb. While these most expensive furs are getting so costly that the price of even a few strips is a consideration, other and more everyday skins are naturally being sought for more abundant use, and one of the latest, making coats that are very satisfactory for motoring wear, is pony-colt skin. It is now dressed nicely, with the long hairs removed, and the markings thus displayed on the smooth surface are very pretty. It is rather like broadtail, but stronger and even more velvety in surface. This is a new illustration of the manner in which the scarcity of wild fur-bearing animals and the great demand for furs is bringing into use native skins that once were considered impossible, like mole-skin, or unimportant, like squirrel.

Crushable felt hats are numerous now, having conquered general suffrages. They are chiefly in the charmingly soft shades known as pastel, and are popular because they are so easily made to suit any type of face. The plateau of soft felt is bent up and folded about till it is a toque, usually of very narrow side dimensions; and somewhat long from back to front, but this is so easily altered, if a reverse shape suits best, that precisely there is seen the advantage of the pliable felt. Felt hats may be recommended to the home milliner on the score of simplicity. It is not easy to go very wrong with them, for the foundation can be, with fullest regard to fashion, bent in and out anyhow that seems becoming, and if the trimming should prove to need many times pinning up again before a satisfactory result is reached, well—no harm is done thereby. A handful of silk velvet, a few roses or other suitable flowers, or else a wing or a plume of ostrich tips, aided by happy fortune, will make for a small sum a hat that a milliner would want a couple of guineas for building. Gold or silver galon can be used to surround the base of the crown. A girl who knows something of the details of millinery work, and can affix a bandeau to hold all snug and complete, and put in a head-lining, and so on, can very easily knock together one of these crumpled toques for herself. Get a little gold galon, a strip of velvet to make a rosette or bow or merely a twist, and a wing or a rose, and for a few shillings there is built a new hat that you can make absolutely to suit your own style.

I think that any woman who is blessed with abundant means ought to patronise professional workers, and not be constantly trying how she can save a few shillings that else would



AN ÆSTHETIC TEA-GOWN.

White Ninon-de-soie, with Alençon lace for sleeves and stole, and embroidered velvet bands of trimming, makes a graceful result.

go to keep up the shops and pay the hands that are necessary to carry on trade; but there are thousands of us to whom those same few shillings are of such importance that if we do not find out how to save them we must simply go without many new things. For such women and girls with a very limited dress-allowance, a few millinery lessons are invaluable, for once the trifling difficulties of the technical part of making a hat are mastered, natural taste exists for the finishing trimmings in many an eye and hand that will enable a new piece of head-gear to be knocked up at really trifling cost. The same materials, such as feathers and ribbons, can often be used over and over again by the home worker, and the details arranged according to her own requirements will seldom fail to provide a successful result.

Everybody knows the virtues of the old-established "Liebig's Extract of Meat," which the proprietors have, for the past few years, to prevent the palming off of spurious products, called by a name formed of its initials—"Lemco." It is indispensable in the household, for at any time an excellent high-class dish is instantly produced out of a thin soup, or a hash, or the materials for an entrée, by the addition of a small portion of Lemco; and then it has great value as a food-beverage for supper, or at luncheon as a hot soup to begin the meal, and thus at this time of year to avoid stopping digestion by the chill of eating cold meat only. The Lemco Company, feeling that the more ladies are interested in cookery the more Lemco will be appreciated and used, have issued a series of excellent and original cookery books, the latest of which, called "Lemco Dishes for all Seasons," is now ready, and will be sent free by post to anybody who writes her own name and address on a Lemco jar wrapper and posts it to the Lemco Company, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London. But the Lemco Company do more than that, for they have arranged to give a copy of the standard work on cookery and all household affairs, the excellent and complete "Mrs. Beeton's Household Management" (the price of which is 7s. 6d.) free of charge in exchange for weight coupons representing 5 lb. of Lemco; so the little round coupons that are to be found under the cork should be preserved and sent in to the company's office, as above, by March 31 next, and "Mrs. Beeton" will be returned free.

Cocoa cannot be digested by everybody, but this difficulty will disappear if the form manufactured by Messrs. Savory and Moore, the well-known chemists, be tried, as it is already "peptonised," and thus partly pre-digested. It is made ready in the tin with milk and sugar, and only requires the addition of hot water to be a nourishing beverage, which, it may be added, has been shown to have a special power if taken at bed-time of averting insomnia. A sample tin can be had for three penny stamps from the firm, 143, New Bond Street, W.

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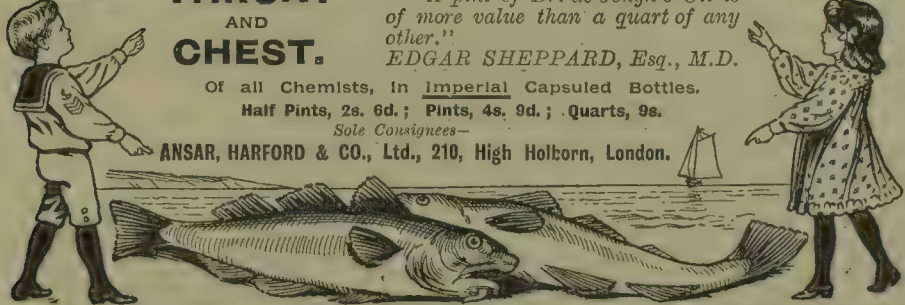
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ART NOTES.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES has given his time, his talent, and his name to a series of colour reproductions of the Old Masters. The reproductions are on view at the Bruton Galleries in Bruton Street, and it must be said that the "Menpes Series" is the best thing that has ever been accomplished in the way of printed copies of great pictures. That they are smaller than their originals is their chief dissimilarity. And Mr. Menpes has given his handy critics every opportunity of detecting the failings of his process, for he has not made his copies from inaccessible originals in the Hermitage or the Prado, but from works easily referred to in the Wallace and the National.

How like the veritable work of Hals' brush is the Menpes reproduction of his "Laughing Cavalier"! It is not the same, of course. But it is more faithful in its way than the gramophone has ever been to Melba's voice, more faithful, even, than any living statue has succeeded in being to the classics in marble. Perhaps it is because there is so much black and white and grey in the "Laughing Cavalier" that the camera and the colour-printing have here achieved their greatest success; the camera itself can produce something extraordinarily like the original. But the whole Menpes series is of great veracity. Reynolds has certainly not held himself aloof from the new process, nor has Greuze, nor Romney. The Florentine, Botticelli, has, however, held himself more secret, and Mr. Menpes comes nearest to failure in his print of the National Gallery's "Virgin and Child." And however familiar Reynolds and Gainsborough and Hals and Greuze have made themselves to the latest and best of modern processes, there is much that is incommunicable. Not even Mr. Menpes's genius for

process yet avails to break down the remaining barriers between mechanism and the touch of the human hand.

While Mr. Menpes has been intent on processes, Miss Blanche Williams (Mrs. P. Somers-Cocks) has been

copying Velasquez in Madrid. These copies cover the long spaces at the end of the Grafton Galleries, where is to be seen the eighth annual exhibition of the Women's International Art Club. The particular merit of these copies is that they have the ease which is so rare in work of the kind. There is a fluency in the draughtsmanship, an absence of the stiffness of mimicry, and yet a fair verisimilitude. Away from Madrid, Miss Williams has not been nearly so successful. The Doria Gallery's "Innocent X." is travestied, not copied, not even translated. It is seldom that we see presentable copies of Goya, most subtle master of technique, and Miss Williams has done very creditably with the "Maja Vestida"; but we think she has misunderstood the artist's methods in her copy of that masterpiece, "La Cucana."

The Women's International Club has made an interesting collection of canvases, free, to an unusual extent for so large a gathering, from paintings that are decidedly inferior. The paintings that are very good are, naturally, rare; but such an exhibition must be judged rather by its average of merit than by its extremes of good and bad. The average at the Grafton Galleries is high; and above the average, distinctly, are Miss Heriot's "The Terrace, Versailles," an original and convincing painting of broad gravel walk, figures, and the corner of a fountain; Miss Henriques' "Low Tide on the Cunche," showing a very nice feeling for the requirements of landscape-painting; Miss Clara Atwood's "The Market," a well-contrived and realistic composition; Madame Cornélius' two flower-pieces; and Mrs. Swynnerton's "Portrait-Sketch," an emphatic and vivid study of a head in sunlight, representing, we think, that artist's remarkable talent much more conclusively than either of her other two contributions. Lack of space precludes the mention of other canvases of merit. W. M.



WHERE THE KING WILL STAY NEXT MARCH AT BIARRITZ: THE CHÂTEAU BOULART.

Last year the King enjoyed his visit to Biarritz so much that he is repeating it next March. His Majesty has engaged the Château Boulart, also known as the Villa Bel'fontaine, which is surrounded by a splendid park.

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OUR DOMESTIC TYRANTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. MIGGS."

SERVANTS are not to be lightly treated. They constitute an important element in the life of the nation. They have a question all to themselves. Their grievances are manifold, far in excess of those possessed by their employers; and they seem determined to make the supply less than the demand, whereby those who stand and wait improve the manners and morals of their patrons, and at the same time better their own position in Society. They take very little care and give but trifling attention to the master of the house. The butler considers himself the real master of the house. Mrs. Dumpty, the housekeeper, claims the mistress herself as her victim, and is always pleased to give the master the comfort of a smile when she passes him. It is the same in smaller houses, where butlers and housekeepers are not a necessity. A cook and two housemaids are quite sufficient to break the heart and nerves of the hardest-hearted mistress. They need only say what they think. Dr. Johnson, that tyrant of the intellectual world of his day, was prepared to admit that each of us has a perfect right to his own thoughts, though not always to the expression of them. Has the Union been formed to confute Dr. Johnson? The Poet, or the master of the house, in the touching episode I am about to relate, lived in a cottage in the country, with his newly wedded wife, and they could afford only one servant. As the Poet was a great admirer of Dr. Johnson, he said it all depends on the strength of character of the master of the house whether a servant shall be allowed to express her thoughts or not. We shall see.

Maria Jane must have been much nearer forty than thirty when her cab brought her to the door where the Poet lived. Her last mistress had said that she was an excellent cook, and altogether a most worthy person. Maria herself had explained that she longed for a small and quiet household where she might settle down, presumably for the rest of her life. Besides, she wanted to be alone in the kitchen. Fellow-servants annoyed her. They had generally such bad tongues, and made themselves so disagreeable. Maria Jane arrived wreathed in smiles, with cheeks like crab-apples; hair somewhat scanty; clean; apparently not given to talk. With a promptitude which bespoke an energetic and determined character, she at once addressed herself to the preparation of a more than usually piquant lunch. Stewed mushrooms on toast, she said, was a specialty of hers, which had been greatly appreciated in every house where she had served. Indeed, after once tasting her stewed mushrooms on toast (this with a simper) she could hardly get them to allow her to cook anything else. She would follow that up, she thought, with veal cutlets, done *à la Maria*, another specialty. When the Poet was told what a jewel they had discovered in Maria, he smiled indulgently, knowing how in the feminine breast, as regards servants, hope springs eternal.

Never will the Poet forget that lunch, or the expression on the face of the lady who sat opposite to

him. It was indescribable. The toast seemed to have soaked for a week in ketchup that had lost long since the freshness of its youth. After which it must have been treated liberally to butter, and then covered with small buttons of leather. Not to discourage Maria, they threw the greater part of it into the fire, and left what remained for her own consumption.

Veal cutlets have nothing intrinsically bad about them. Cooked in an ordinarily healthy manner, they are quite eatable. But let no one ever attempt to eat veal cutlets *à la Maria*. Everything in that woman's hands



A WELCOME CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

To the smoker of cultured and discerning taste there is no more acceptable Christmas present than a box of State Express Cigarettes. The tobacco for each cigarette is carefully selected and rolled by hand. This process ensures an entire absence of dusty tobacco, which is always present in, and one of the evils of, machine-made cigarettes. State Express are made from the very best and choicest old-matured Virginian tobacco, which is rolled in the finest cigarette paper in order to ensure complete freedom from any papery taste or smell. The medical profession testify to the purity of this famous manufacture by the Ardath Tobacco Company. The large size Astorias are a triumph.

turned to leather, which in this instance she hid in bread crumbs and eggs about an inch thick. The Poet thought it was the shortest lunch to which he had ever sat down. Maria was eager to know if she had given satisfaction, and when, in somewhat halting accents, she was told that the veal was a trifle tough, a scowl came over her features that gave the Poet a distinct misgiving. By some happy accident, they were dining out that night, and Maria ceased to interest them. But when morning came, so did Maria. The Poet happened to be in his dressing-room, in the delicate act of shaving,

when the voice of Maria arrested him. "If anyone," said Maria, in a very loud voice, "has anything to say against my cooking, let him come out like a man and say it to my face." "But, Maria," he heard a gentle voice reply, "no one has said a word against your cooking behind your back."

That was quite true; looks were sufficient. "If," said Maria, "anyone has a word to say against my cooking, don't let him think I'll take his word for it. Bring a jury of experts, people which know good cooking from bad, and by them I will be judged. But not by him!" After this vigorous protest, Maria retired to the kitchen. She had her revenge in the bacon and eggs. The bacon was fully a quarter of an inch thick, and the eggs had all got together and looked like a hard and baked omelette. Let us pass over quickly a day of discomfort and come to the second morning of Maria's stay. When she brought in the matutinal cup of tea, she stood over the Poet and shook with white rage.

"Don't give me any more of your insolence," she said, "or I'll call a constable! I was married to a soldier which is dead, and I know what justice is. You can't take a person's character away and not pay for it. You may find some which will put up with your insolence, but not me. My sister Elizabeth and myself are quite able to look after ourselves, and we won't be put upon by such as you." She flounced out of the room, and closed the door behind her with a crash. They heard her muttering to herself as she moved up and down the corridor. Finally she got a broom, and while pretending to sweep, knocked it viciously against the door. After a lull, she again knocked, and entered with some letters on a tray. "Maria," said the Poet calmly, and hoping to soothe her, "what is the matter?" "Don't speak to me, you insulting villain!" she said; "I am neither a Jew nor a German. There is a fountain of justice in this country, and there I will go, but nowhere else. We are not in Germany. Don't lay your hand on me. My husband was in the Army, and though he's dead I know what justice is." "Maria," said the Poet, "leave the house at once and take a week's salary." "I will leave the house," she said; "but only with a month's salary in my pocket. There is a fountain of justice in this country, and I am neither a Jew nor a Gentile." "Maria," said the Poet, "You are either drunk or mad. Go!" "I am willing to stay and work out my month," said Maria. "Heaven forbid!" said the Poet.

So she got her month's wage for two days' work. If she follows up this plan of campaign she will soon be rich, and ought to be given a high place in the new Union of Domestic Servants. Her experiences will be invaluable from a fighting point of view, and she may yet lead the new Amazons to battle. Certainly if they all possess the tenacity of purpose, proud self-confidence, and high moral principle of Maria Jane, it will soon no longer be possible for any man to boast of himself as master of the house.

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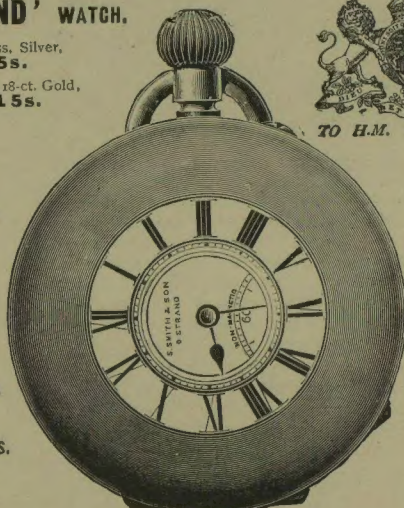
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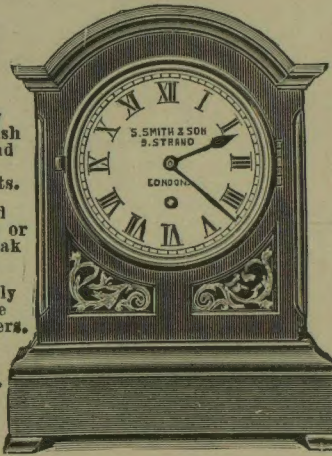
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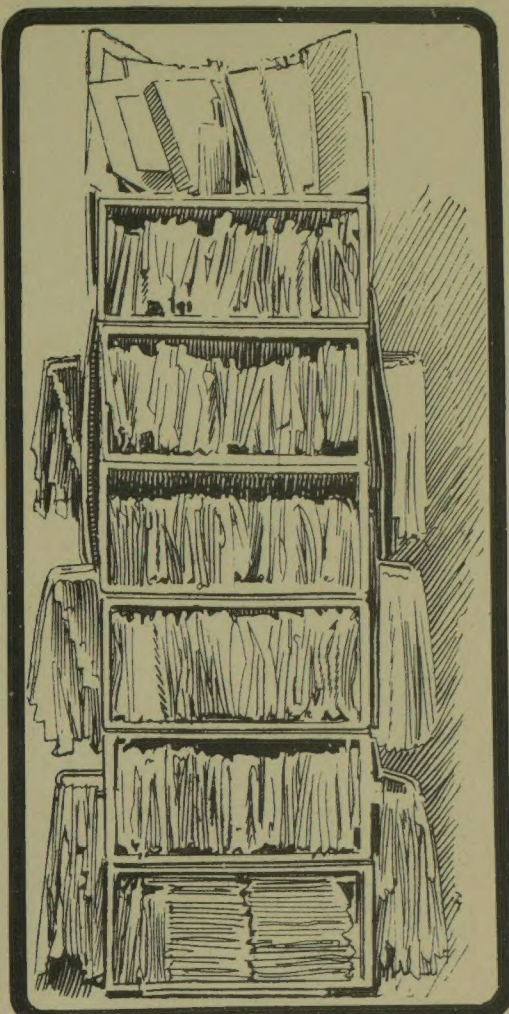
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of Truro did homage to the King last week, and has returned to Cornwall in order to prepare for next Sunday's Ordination service in the Cathedral. His residence (Lis Escop) will not be ready for a few weeks.

The Bishop of Birmingham, who has been working very hard and without any break since the beginning of October, has been laid aside owing to a sharp attack of rheumatism.

The Dean of Canterbury (Dr. Wace) celebrated his seventieth birthday last week. He was ordained curate at St. Luke's, Berwick Street, and remained in London for forty-two years. He was Principal of King's College from 1883 to 1897.

The recent destruction of Selby Abbey by fire has turned public attention to the subject of the insurance of our great churches. Rochester Cathedral, it appears, is insured for only £39,700, and the *Guardian* remarks that it would probably take more than twice this sum to rebuild it. "There is grave reason to believe that many other famous monuments of ecclesiastical and national history are insured only for derisory amounts."

The Church of Holy Trinity, Margate, is prospering greatly under its recently appointed Vicar, the Rev. M. Pryor, D.D. At the last monthly men's service, there was an attendance of over 2600, including members of the different public bodies and men's societies in the town.

The borough of Colchester is claiming to be chosen as the See city of the proposed diocese of Essex, and a cathedral site committee has been formed in the town, with the Mayor as president. Colchester is not only the railway centre for the greater part of the county, but it contains several sites suitable for the erection of a cathedral. If the proposal for a cathedral is rejected, more than one of the churches of the town might be enlarged to serve as a pro-cathedral.

We have to acknowledge the usual admirable consignment of Messrs. Tom Smith's crackers, those indispensable addition to the gaiety of Christmas. This year the former excellence of these wares is maintained, probably surpassed, and the firm has contrived many novelties. Book wars may rage, but the literature of the cracker is undimmed.

The photograph of the Queen of Roumania by M. Chusseau-Flaviens, published in our last week's number, was by a misunderstanding marked "exclusive to *The Illustrated London News*." The picture was not exclusive to us.

PARLIAMENT.

IN spite of two Suffragette raids, the conduct of our country's affairs continued in the hands of men. Mr. Ellis Griffiths presented the House of Commons with a petition nine miles long from the supporters of the National Canine Defence League against the vivisection of dogs. The Speaker informed Mr. Swift MacNeill that if there was any leakage of official



ODOL IN TIBET: A NATIVE MERCHANT'S ENTERPRISE.

One of the most peculiar of the many interesting items of news we hear of is perhaps the use of Odol in Tibet, a country which, as is well known, but few Europeans have so far been able to penetrate. The photograph here reproduced was taken at Shigatze, the second town of importance in Tibet. It represents a merchant who, besides house-furniture, cups, boots, washing-basins, and clothes, offers to sell Odol as well. The two bottles are marked with a cross. Shigatze is a town which has been visited by scarcely ten Europeans during the last hundred and twenty years. The photograph was taken by a concealed detective apparatus.

information to the Press, the best way to stop it would be to fill up the hole. Mr. Akers Douglas wished the Workmen's Compensation Bill God-speed. One or two minor Bills made progress, but more importance attached to Mr. Winston Churchill's motion on Monday approving the grant of Constitutions conferring responsible government upon the peoples

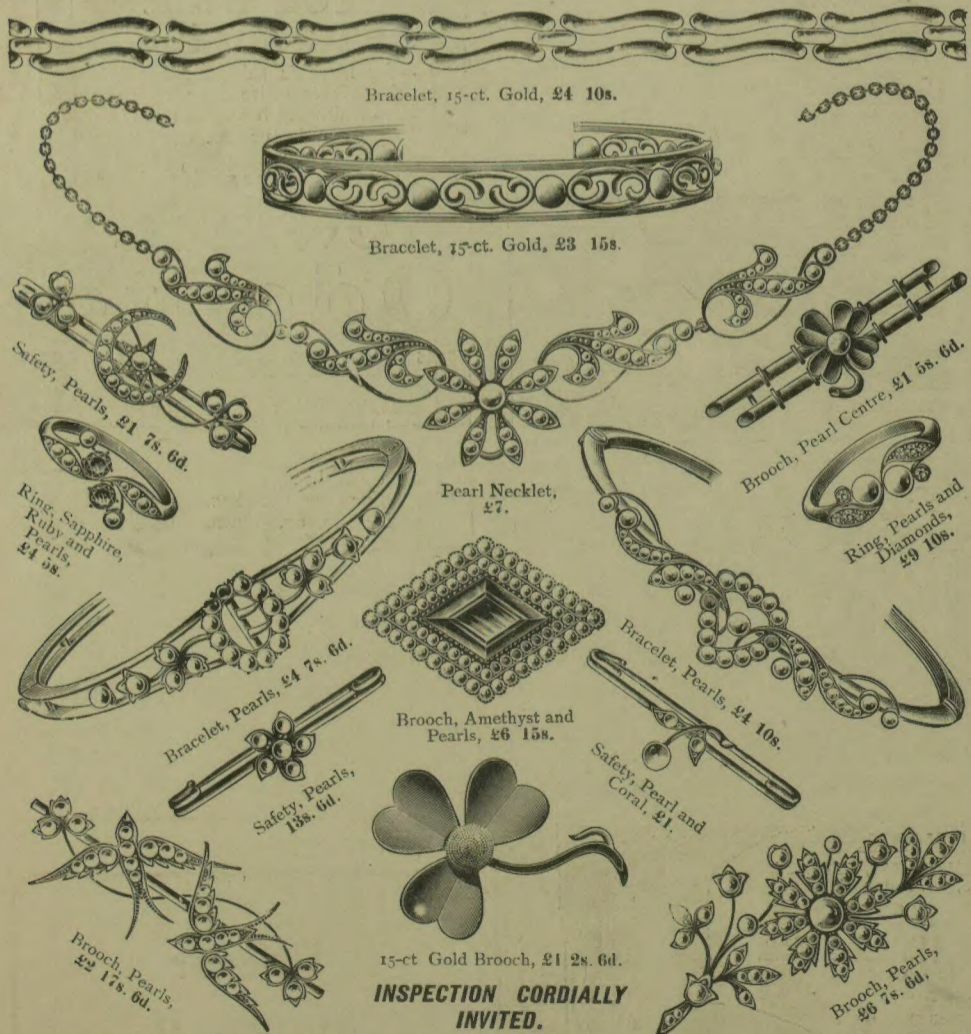
of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. Mr. Churchill said he believed the Boers had definitely abandoned their old ambition of creating in South Africa a United States independent of the Crown, and had accepted the political ideal of the Dominion of Canada or the Commonwealth of Australia. The Government had decided to give the Orange River Colony as well as the Transvaal full responsible government. After outlining the scheme, he stated that a Land Board would look after the interests of recent settlers, and that the Government remitted the obligation of £30,000,000 incurred by the Colonies towards the cost of the war.

In the House of Lords the Marquess of Lansdowne discussed the message from the House of Commons returning the Peers' amendments to the Education Bill on the ground that they altered completely the character of the measure as it left the Commons, and contradicted the principles on which it was framed. This momentous and extraordinary message, he said, was curt in language and almost contemptuous in tone. Even in the House of Lords there was a certain amount of human feeling, and they would not take it lying down. Many members would not be sorry if the Bill were to disappear, but still, if any means could be found of extricating the Government from the situation they had created, he would respectfully examine proposals to that effect. The Earl of Crewe replied that their Lordships had ignored the exceptional majority with which the Bill had passed through the House of Commons. The form in which they had returned it was not coherent, and the House of Commons found it difficult to deal seriatim at such an hour with amendments which incorporated two separate lines of argument. The curtness of the message was not intended to be offensive, and the Government were prepared to concede certain points which he enumerated. The debate was adjourned to enable the Opposition to consider these concessions, and a round-table conference between the leaders on both sides was held in Mr. Balfour's room.

Messrs. Marchant and Co. inaugurate the addition of long-needed wall-space to their premises in Regent Street by an exhibition which is called "The Goupil Gallery Salon," and which, it is promised, is to be followed by others of the same character. The portrait by M. Blanche is not as good as several of his canvases now to be seen at the New Gallery; the portrait by Mr. Nicholson is not as good as those at his own exhibition in Bond Street; and so on. The water-colours and drawings redeem, however, the interest of the collection. Mr. Vokes, Mr. Orpen, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. James, Mr. Russell, Sir William Eden, Mr. Muirhead-Bone, and Mr. John all contribute good work.

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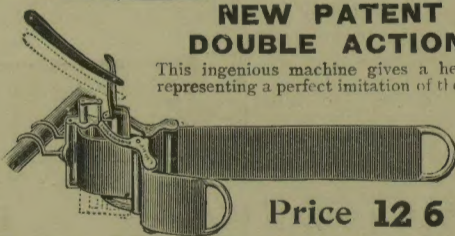
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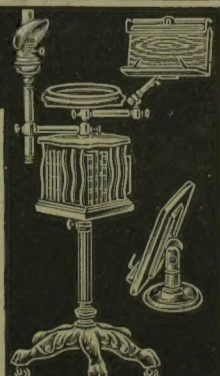
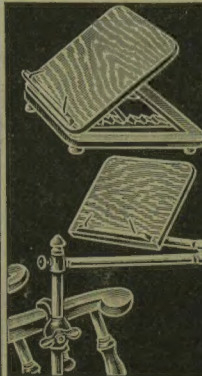
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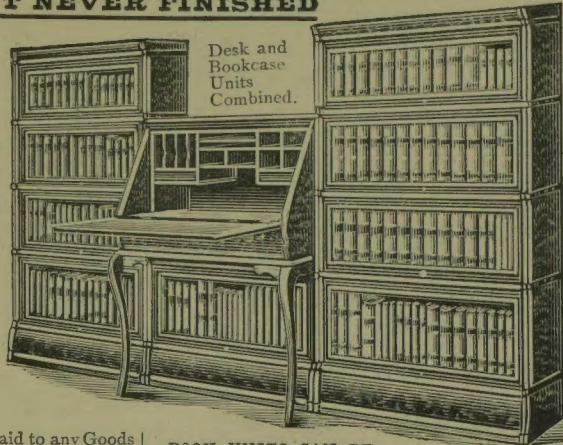
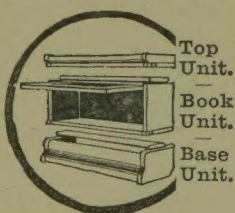


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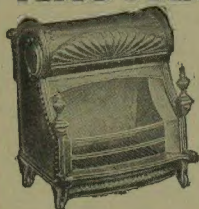
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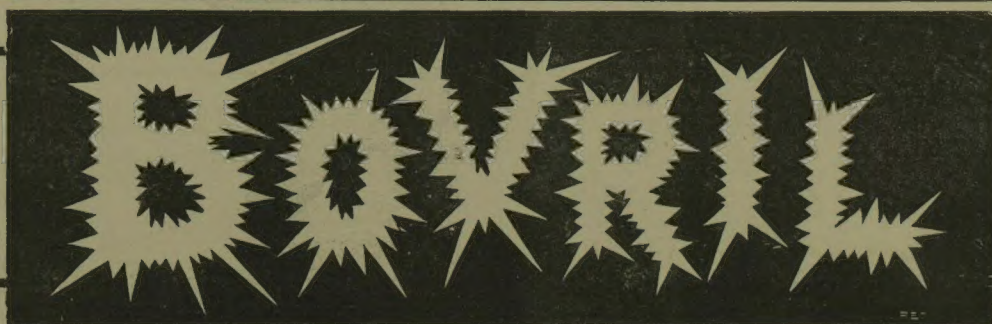
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated March 29, 1905) of the REV. HENRY EDMUND MILES, of Huntley Rectory, Gloucester, who died on Oct. 24, has been proved by John Charles Miles, the nephew, and Colonel Philip Ruston, the value of the estate being £88,081. The testator gives £500 and an annuity of £1000 to his wife; £5000 each to his brothers, Colonel Frederick Nicolas Miles and the Rev. Edward Miles; £2000, and on the decease of Mrs. Miles his shares in the East Indian Railway Company, to his nephew Philip John Miles; £200 each to the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Gloucester Infirmary, the British Home for Incurables, and St. John's Foundation School for Sons of Poor Clergy; £100 each to the Royal Blind Pension Society and the London Orphan Asylum; £3000, and on the death of Mrs. Miles his stock of the Gas Light and Coke Company, to his nephew Henry Robert Miles; £2000 to his niece Grace; and other legacies. The residue of his property is to go to his nephew John Charles Miles.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1905) of MR. ROBERT BARCLAY, of Sedgley New Hall, Prestwich, and of Manchester, who died on May 6, has been proved by his sons, Robert Noton Barclay, John William Barclay, and Alfred Ernest Barclay, the value of the real and personal estate being £121,464. The testator gives £5000 to his son, Alfred Ernest; £5000, in trust, for his daughter, Isabella May; and the residue of his property to his six children.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1901) of MR. JOHN OVEREND WOOD, of West House, Thornton, Bradford, who died on Sept. 19, has been proved by his sons Isaac Wood, Stephen Henry Wood, and Joseph Wood, and William Weatherhead, the value of the property being sworn at

£116,659. The testator gives £4000 each to his grandchildren John Overend Wood Johnson, Bernard Johnson, Edward Johnson, Elizabeth Johnson, and Stephen Johnson; and the residue of his property to his three sons.

The will (dated April 27, 1903) of MR. HARRY COWEN COLEY, of Glengall Lodge, Bishop's Stortford, who died on Nov. 5, has been proved by Mrs. Clara Frances Coley, the widow, and George Coley, the value of the property being £28,747. The testator directs that, in the event of his net estate exceeding £50,000, a sum not exceeding £3500 is to be paid to the National Life-Boat Institution for building and maintaining a life-boat to be called the *Fanny Coley*, but on the condition that his wife and children may enter or row or sail in the life-boat when she is afloat, and either in fair or foul weather, so long as their presence shall not interfere with the life-saving operations of the crew. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife and children, but should he leave no issue, then on the decease of his wife such residue is to go to the National Life-Boat Institution.

The will (dated April 29, 1905) of MR. WILLIAM BURKITT, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, who died on June 7, has been proved by William Burkitt, the nephew, George William Page, William Henry Cheal, and Fountaine Dickerson, the value of the estate being £219,501. The testator gives £100,000, in trust, for his nephew, William Burkitt, and his issue; £250 to the West Norfolk and King's Lynn Hospital; £100 to the Hunstanton Convalescent Home; annuities of £100 each to William Henty Cheal and Fountaine Dickerson; £500 to Ada Cumming on her marriage; and a few small legacies. All other his property he leaves to his said nephew.

MISS DOROTHEA BEALE, LL.D., Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, who died on Nov. 9, and

whose will is dated Dec. 13, 1905, left an estate which is estimated to produce £74,000. She gave £1000 and certain pictures and furniture to St. Hilda's College at Cheltenham and Oxford; £500 to the Cheltenham Ladies' College Guild Settlement in London; and £100 to the Church Army. Subject to legacies and annuities to relatives, she left the residue of her property, in all probability about £55,000, to the Cheltenham Ladies' College, with the expression of her wish that the Council should apply the same for the objects for which she had been working in her lifetime, and also in helping poor students or teachers, either by pecuniary assistance or gifts or loans to meet or lighten the expenses of tuition, boarding, or equipment.

The following are other important wills now proved—

Mr. John William Garnett, Greengates House, Apperley Bridge, Yorks, woollen manufacturer	£98,797
Mr. Walter Ainsworth, Beech House, Rivington, near Bolton	£54,561
Mrs. Mary Ann Watkinson, 52, Osmaston Road, Derby	£50,165
Mr. Adam Murray, Hazledean, High Broughton (leaves £3500 to various charitable institutions near Manchester)	£48,471
Mr. John Harrington Lutley, Brockhampton, Hereford	£40,246
Mr. Alfred Wright Surtees, 43, Bedford Row	£39,501
Dame Ellen Moon, Fetcham, Leatherhead	£18,275
Sir Henry A. Smyth, K.C.M.G., St. John's Lodge, Stone, Bucks	£16,967
Dame Mabel Ethel Tempest, Tong Hall, near Bradford	£7,779
Mary, Viscountess Althorp, 28, St. James's Place	£6,501

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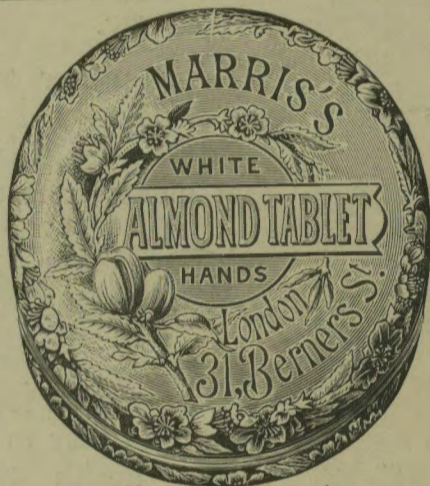
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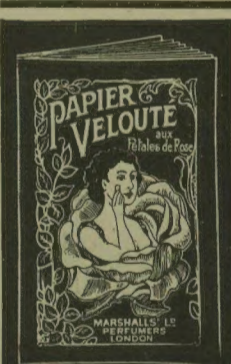
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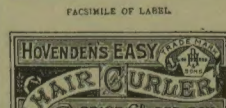
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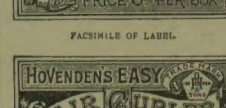


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